HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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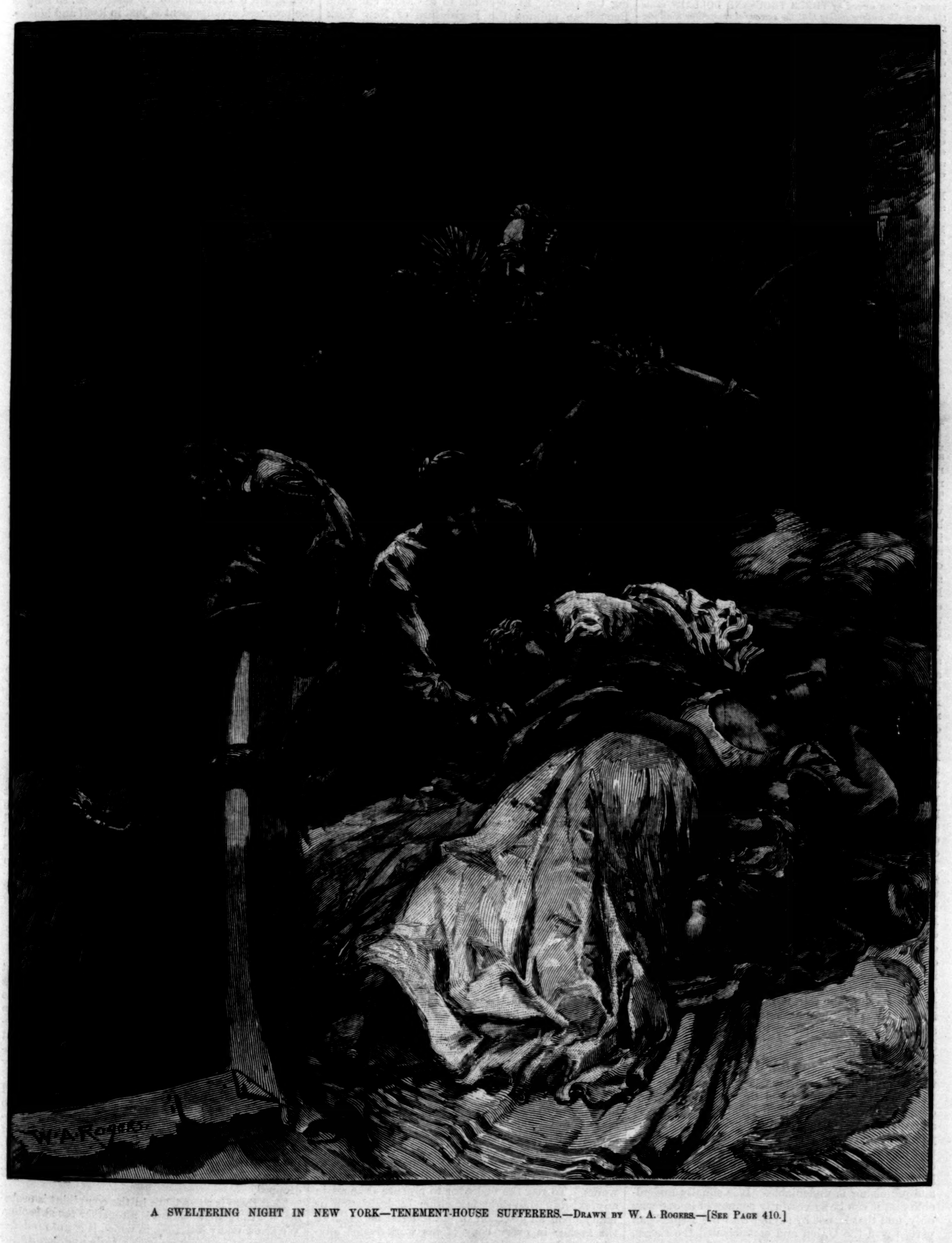


A SWELTERING NIGHT IN NEW YORK—TENEMENT-HOUSE SUFFERERS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 410.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 30, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

A HURRAH CAMPAIGN.

It is more and more evident that the Democrats will not venture to raise the cry of free trade next year, and that the more sagacious Democratic leaders are resolved to try a hurrah Harrison campaign, and to rely upon a cry of "corruption" and "turn 'em out." They will lack, however, the immense advantage which the hurrah campaign of 1840 derived from the business panic and prostration of 1837. The situation in 1840 was precisely that in which change for the sake of change is most attractive. But in 1884, if the country is busy and prosperous, change for its own sake will be a less seductive cry. But, on the other hand, whenever parties cease to represent great policies, and rely upon tradition and association, party ties are relaxed, and the voting becomes more uncertain. To vote against the party is not then felt to involve such serious consequences. In 1864 and 1868, and even in 1872, a Democratic restoration portended a return of old and familiar dangers. But in 1884 the distrust will be more general, and it will be less effective just in the degree that Democratic success does not mean a pronounced policy, and that Republican shortcomings are more vigorously emphasized. Republicans, therefore, can not rely safely upon this distrust. It is very probable that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives next winter will forget the wise advice of the politician which we quoted last week, to say nothing and do nothing, and it will probably say and do altogether too much for its own advantage. But it is not good generalship to risk the campaign upon the possible or even probable blunders of the enemy.

There is but one way in which the evident plan of the Democratic party can be successfully met, and that way is, not to rely upon distrust of that party, but to cultivate trust in the Republican party. The Democratic plan is substantially to declare that however tainted it may have been with treason and treachery to equal rights in the past, however honeycombed with corruption, however dependent upon ignorance and the support of the most dangerous classes, however dangerously wrong upon every great issue since the war, however cowardly in shirking all actual present questions, and however plainly a mere desperate conspiracy to obtain control of the government for the sake of plunder the Democratic party may now be, its success involving a complete overthrow of reform, it is still more trustworthy than the Republican party, which is smirched with the Whiskey Ring swindles, and the Star Route swindles, and the Belknap swindles, and the salary grab, and the third-term plot, and a myriad other similar jobs and thefts and crimes. The argument will be that no reform is possible until such a party is turned out, and that it can be turned out only by putting in the Democratic party. That such a plan is shrewd and promising is undeniable. It is equally undeniable that it can be successfully countered in one way only, and that is, not by saying that the Republican party saved the Union and emancipated the slaves, but by proving that the Republican party, although, like every party which is long in power, it has developed abuses, has punished its own rascals and reformed its own offenses.

This spirit and purpose were plainly shown in the nominations at Cincinnati in 1876, following the Whiskey Ring, salary grab, and **Belknap** revelations, and by the nomination at Chicago in 1880, which suppressed the third-term plot. It was shown by the vigor and resolution with which the Star Route swindles were attacked by the **Garfield** administration, which undoubtedly represented the honest and controlling Republican sentiment of the country, and by the refusal of the same administration to bow to the insolent "boss" supremacy which was fast ruining the party. In deference to the same emphatic Republican opinion the Legislature of New York refused to re-elect Senators who especially represented Republican abuses, and who challenged a party verdict from their own friends and creatures, and were ignominiously banished from public life. The River and Harbor Bill of last summer was carried against the veto of a Republican President and the virtually unanimous condemnation of the Republican press, by a Congress which misrepresented Republican sentiment, as was shown by the general Republican refusal to renominate or re-elect the offenders. Yet the same Congress bowed to the emphatic expression of Republican opinion in the country by the passage of the civil service reform bill, and by the revision of the tariff to reduce the superfluous revenue. The tremendous rebuke of last year's election was a Republican rebuke to those who traded upon the party name, and showed a spirit and resolution of which there is no trace whatever in the Democratic party. These are but illustrations of a regenerating force in the Republican party which has shown itself able and willing to deal with Republican offenses, and to promote the progressive welfare of the country. If this force shall continue to show its power in executive action and in control of the party, the party will retain the confidence of the country. If, on the other hand, the malign influences which have caused the abuses should dominate the party, the party would be defeated. The Democratic cry will be that reform is possible only by a clean sweep of Republican administration. But the crucial practical question for the voter will be whether a party which has shown the disposition and the power to correct itself shall be displaced by a party whose corrupt element is quite as powerful, which has no policy, principle, or purpose, and which has shown neither wish nor ability to reform itself.

THE COPYRIGHT TREATY.

The formation of a new club to procure the passage of a comprehensive copyright law shows that interest in the subject is not extinct, although little has been recently done in pushing the treaty which has been so long under consideration. We do not know whether the draft of a law has been prepared, nor the reasons which persuade the club that a law is a more practicable and promising method of securing the result desired than a treaty. Both plans must encounter the same objection, the objection which has baffled all previous efforts of the kind, and that objection is the apprehension that an international copyright would enhance the price of books. The moral view of the question, that refusal of copyright to an author is mere robbery, however essentially just, has never been a popular view. Copyright clubs have been composed of authors. The treaties and the laws to secure international copyright have been sustained mainly by authors. The public has taken little interest in the debate; and even the earnest appeals of **Dickens** forty years ago fell unheeded, and were soon abandoned, although the failure undoubtedly imbittered his feeling toward a country which lavished upon him the utmost enthusiasm of personal regard, and yet denied him what he felt to be his rights.

This public indifference is due to two causes—the feeling that absolute and perpetual copyright extending to every copy of a work ever issued would be opposed to the general welfare, and the feeling that an author is adequately paid by protection in his own country. The soundness of these propositions we do not now discuss. But the feeling undoubtedly exists, and the proof is the fact that copyright laws, whether limited, as in this country, to authors who are citizens, or extended, as in England, to any author who first publishes in the country, protect the author for a limited term only, and protect him for that term not because of his right, but because of the public advantage. Neither the law of England nor that of this country acknowledges the author's right of property in his work to be the same as his right of property in his hat or his estate. It is solely to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, and not for the protection of a private right of property, that Congress is authorized by the Constitution to secure to authors for limited terms the exclusive right to their works. To rest the endeavor to procure changes in any existing copyright law either by legislation or treaty upon an assertion of the indefeasible right of the author in every copy of his work issued anywhere and at any time is to open a very interesting and important debate, but it is to postpone indefinitely any practical relief.

But if the abstract question of right is to be waived, and a modification of the copyright law is to be sought with careful regard to the actual situation, the first obvious step to be taken is to secure the co-operation of all interests concerned. These are three—the author, the publisher, and the reader. Two of these interests have been hitherto passive, if not hostile to any extension of the copyright. But the proposed treaty contemplates a representation of all the interests, and an arrangement which shall be acceptable to all. The situation is therefore more promising than ever before. The reasons which have produced a change of feeling are not germane to the discussion, so long as the proposed arrangement is just in itself and honestly supported. The great body of English and American authors and of American publishers, without opening the question of property right, and accepting the received basis of the copyright laws, have agreed upon a general scheme by which a common protection will be secured to the authors of both countries, upon terms which are certainly most reasonable. This scheme, in the form of a treaty, is still pending, and until it is definitely abandoned, which is not yet the case, it is very much more promising than any plan which has been hitherto proposed. Those who are disposed to insist that it is a compromise and not a proper assertion of the absolute right of the author should remember that it would no more prejudice that right and its assertion than the acceptance of the existing legal copyright by an author prejudices his right. It involves no concession of principle, and may be supported with perfect propriety by those who hold that **Shakespeare**'s heirs ought now to be receiving a royalty upon every copy of Shakespeare sold, or those who hold that the present limited enjoyment of copyright should apply to foreigners as well as to American citizens.

THE REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION.

The plan of Republican reorganization in the city of New York has been adopted by the Central Committee with one important change. The plan as originally published provided for a general enrollment and the disbanding of the "associations" in September, so that the party might be reorganized before the elections to the State Convention of this year, which will select the State Committee to direct the Presidential campaign of next year. Upon the plea, however, that a September enrollment would not be complete, the time was changed to November after the election. But it is provided that every Republican who is entitled to be enrolled may vote at the primaries for the Convention, and additional inspectors, mainly from the anti-machine wing, were selected to act at the elections with the present inspectors.

This scheme leaves the associations unchanged until after the elections of this autumn, and their organized and experienced force is not unlikely to prevail against the scattered energy of the Republicans who have hitherto not been permitted to vote. The disfranchised Republicans will hardly show at once the vigor and power which it is to be hoped that they will ultimately display. If the old machine leaders succeed in controlling the delegations from the city, and through them the Convention and the new State Committee, it will be because raw levies and volunteers and minute-men are not a match for the regulars.

The postponement of enrollment is unfortunate, but it can be plausibly defended. The trouble is that if, after the fine scheming for reorganization and the free voting at the Convention primaries, it should turn out that nothing is changed, and that the old machine is still in control, there would be a dangerous chill of Republican enthusiasm. It would have been wiser to carry out the plan as already published, because the old machine is under such a cloud that any modification of the scheme in the apparent interest of the machine arouses profound suspicion.

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

In these fervid days of the College Commencement season it is startling to hear from some old graduates that the years spent at college are often useless to the student because, however earnest and diligent he may be, he receives from the faculty no encouragement to study. It is not an accusation brought against any particular college. The mischief is supposed to arise from the perfunctory and formal way in which the college professor discharges his duty. He is generally paid, according to this view, a small salary to teach a class of young persons who have no especial interest in their lessons, and whose real interests are in society and athletic sports. The aim of the teachers is to attend to a mechanical task with the least trouble, and of the pupils to secure just the number of marks which will save them from being dropped.

That there is some truth in the complaint is probable, but the generalization is altogether too sweeping. We know many instances in which it is unfounded—instances of young men with a taste and faculty for special study which have been encouraged to the utmost and wisely guided by the teacher, to the great benefit of the student and the advantage of the public. Wherever the charge is true it is most unfortunate. Yet the corrective of the situation lies with the student, for if a teacher be indifferent or sluggish, nothing so certainly and effectively rouses and quickens him as an apt and eager pupil. If there be many such pupils in any college, and they fail to inspire the teacher, his unfitness for his post will necessarily soon appear. Half a dozen zealous and intelligent pupils in any class, who are determined "to know, you know," will soon demonstrate the ability or the temper of a teacher, and there could be no more refreshing novelty in college experience than the presentation of a professor to the trustees by a body of earnest students as inefficient in teaching and obstructive to study.

No such instance is known to us, and we suspect that the older graduates who enter the complaint, if they could recall accurately the facts of their experience, would find that they had not succeeded in persuading the professor that they were so resolutely bent upon knowledge as to require him to bestir himself. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that a teacher who assumes the interest of his class in their studies, and shows his own interest in them, stimulates many a youth who might otherwise pass listlessly through the prescribed routine. The duty and the pleasure and the advantage are reciprocal. We know a professor of this kind in one of the great universities, who is consequently more beloved and popular than any other. He is singled out at class-day for a special round of cheers, while the rest of the faculty are "lumped," and a friend once said to him, as the hearty hurrah died away, "If I were you I should be prouder of that cheer than of the highest honor of the university." All rights, as Dr. Lieber, of Columbia, used to say, have their duties. It is the right of the professor to expect attention and docility, and the right of the student to expect intelligent instruction. And it is the duty of both professor and pupil to make that instruction as thorough and effective as possible.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic nomination of Mr. George Hoadly as Governor of Ohio is very shrewd, and implies the defeat of the reactionary faction, which had selected General Ward. Mr. Hoadly is an old Free-soil Democrat, and a Republican with the peculiar feeling toward his late party that usually follows a change of party association when party principles remain unchanged. He is a man of high character and undoubted ability, whose nomination is in itself a kind of new departure, and whose election by a large majority would make him the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

The platform begins with a complete disavowal of the historic Democratic position. The Democratic party which was thrust from power in 1860 was a vast organization for the palliation and extension of human slavery. It was a party radically false to the fundamental American principle of equality and personal liberty. The war was begun by Democratic leaders because a party founded upon that principle had obtained control of the government. The Ohio Democracy in the midst of the contest nominated for Governor Vallandigham, who really represented its view of the war. The same Democracy now begins its declaration by professing its historical respect for personal liberty! and nominates an old Republican. Its protestations in regard to the tariff are uncandid and deceptive to the last degree. It is a free-trade Democracy, but it does not dare to say so, and demands a revenue tariff which shall encourage productive interests at home, and afford just compensation to labor. That is a phraseology carefully chosen to satisfy protectionists. It is an illustration of the insincerity which arouses the deep distrust of the country.

Nevertheless the action of the Ohio Democrats strongly emphasizes what we say elsewhere, that the path to Republican victory lies in showing that punishment of wrong-doers, honesty and efficiency and reform in the public service, economical administration, wise tariff legislation, and the moulding of the government by the most intelligent and patriotic national sentiment, are more probable under Republican than under Democratic administration. If the election of 1884 is to turn both upon performance and probability, if the parties are to be tried, not as representatives of policies, but by their traditions, their associations, their composition, their measures, and their power of self-correction, the Republicans need not fear the result of the contest. It is from this point of view that the conduct of the Executive becomes of the highest importance to the party.

THE GARBAGE BLOCKADE.

Within six months nine ocean steamers of the largest class have grounded in entering or upon leaving the bay of New York, and every day the passenger crossing the bay may see garbage fleets proceeding to increase the obstructions and to ruin the harbor. It would be very comical, if it were not so serious, that there is not wit or skill enough in New York to dispose of the dirt of the city. In the suburbs the insoluble problem is to get rid of old fruit and vegetable cans and other rubbish; and one village father in the neighborhood complained that it cost his village more than a thousand dollars a year to collect the refuse, for which all the genius of the village could not provide a satisfactory dumping-ground.

But filling up the ocean channels of the chief sea-port upon the American continent is a very serious matter. If any one will look at a chart of the bay and the sea entrance he will see that, easy as it should seem from the simple outline for a vessel to go and come, it is really difficult. The bar between Sandy Hook and Coney Island has but two or three passages, and in the most direct of these a wreck has been lying for some months, and in another the *City of Rome* lately stuck fast.

It would inspire very much more respect for the commonsense of the authorities if the passenger across the bay should meet steamers carrying engineers to clear the channels instead of rubbish scows hastening to obstruct them. Were "G. W. B." still among us, how he would thunder in the *Evening Post* at the garbage blockade, and the ruin of a noble harbor!

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

The great multitude that reverently attended the funeral of Charles T. Brooks, at Newport, and the warm and tender words of eulogy from his friend and successor, Mr. Wendte, the pastor of the Channing Memorial Church, with all the tributes from noted men, showed the universal affection and respect that were felt for one of the purest, gentlest, and most apostolic of men. It is forty-seven years since Dr. Channing preached the famous dedication sermon of the church in which Mr. Brooks so long ministered, and the beautiful spirit of Channing abode with the young minister, and remained with him until he was young no longer, and to the end.

With the utmost liberality and generosity of mind, and in the fullest sympathy with all humane movements of reform, Mr. Brooks was conspicuously identified with none of them, but remained always a scholar preaching the Gospel. His literary tastes were very decided, and his literary accomplishments, especially in German, were very great. His translations of some of the modern German poets are unsurpassed for fidelity and flowing grace, and his works of this kind are extensive. As a preacher, it was naturally upon the love rather than upon the fear of God that he dwelt, and a sweet benignity of aspect made the time of the service an angelic hour.

Some years since a serious affection of the eyes compelled Mr. Brooks to resign his pastoral charge, and to seek absolute rest. After a visit to Europe he returned to Newport, where he was one of the most familiar figures in the place, his gracious mien and simple manner recalling, in the gay whirl of a luxurious and worldly society, the supreme beauty of the spiritual life. At seventy he was still young at heart, as he will be always young and unspotted from the world in the memory of all who loved him.

TWELVE AMERICANS.

The Harpers have just published, in a neat volume, *Twelve Americans: their Lives and Times*, by Howard Carroll, a series of biographical sketches of distinguished men, almost all of whom are living. The list embraces men of various pursuits, and of all opinions and all sections of the country. It includes Horatio Seymour and Frederick Douglass, Joseph Jefferson and Peter Cooper, Charles Francis Adams and Alexander H. Stephens, Hannibal Hamlin, Robert H. Schenck, John Gilbert, William Allen, Elihu B. Washburne, and Allen G. Thurman, of all of whom there are portraits.

Mr. Carroll's vivid, graphic, and interesting literary touch is familiar, and in this gallery of pictures he is at his best. His warm sympathy, his gay humor, and his hearty appreciation have evidently acted as a solvent of reserve, and his "subjects" have freely given him a confidence which he has not betrayed. The scope of his work hardly allows much chance for that "chaff" and imitative humor in which he excels, and in which he was made his own victim in the report of a late Saturday-night club dinner.

The sketches will reveal a great deal more of the various men of whom they treat than is known to most readers. They are photographic likenesses to which the historian will resort, and the flowing, easy, simple narrative will command a wide popular perusal and approval. The work has all the charm of bright personal gossip, and it is an admirable book for "summer reading."

THE NEW WINDSOR CENTENNIAL.

The closing series of centennial celebrations of Revolutionary events properly takes place upon the Hudson, and one of the most interesting commemorations was that at New Windsor, just above the Highlands of West Point, on the 22d of June. It was at New Windsor that the army was cantoned for the last time, and on the 22d of June, 1783, the last remnant of the army broke its camp, and was disbanded.

The event, the scene, and the season happily conspired to insure a memorable day. There is no more interesting historic spot in the country. On one hand is West Point with all its famous traditions, and on the other Newburgh with the "head-quarters." Opposite are the noble hills, the Fishkill Beacons, and at their feet the village of Fishkill, where the Provincial Legislature sat, while on a bluff upon the bay a little to the north is the modest Verplanck cottage, the head-quarters of Steuben, in which the Society of the Cincinnati was formed. Every point is a patriotic inspiration.

The people of New Windsor very naturally held that the birth-place of George Clinton and the site of the last cantonment and final disbandment deserved a distinct commemoration, and they declined to merge their rightful memorial day in that at Newburgh next October. The old "Temple" in which religious services were held is gone. But that story and all the rich tradition of the place were glowingly told by distinguished orators. New Windsor has never seen such a day, which has so emphasized and illustrated its history that hereafter the modest village will be pointed out as one of the famous Revolutionary points upon the famous river of the Revolution.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Murray, whom we announced several months ago as a probable successor to Dr. McCosh, in the event of the acceptance of that scholar's resignation of the presidency at Princeton, has been appointed to relieve President McCosh of some of his official duties, the trustees of the college declining to allow its present head to retire. Dr. Murray, who for some years has filled the chair of English Literature, and was widely known as the pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York city, possesses, in addition to sound scholarship, the organizing faculty and the admiration of his pupils. He has, besides, the rare and fine demeanor which college students are always quick to appreciate, and which they mean to describe when they say of its possessor that he is a gentleman.

—Captain Thomas S. Curtis, of the Havana steam-ship *Saratoga*, celebrates this week the completion of his hundredth voyage in the service of his present employers, Messrs. James E. Ward & Co. The captain is a veteran in coastwise navigation. Before entering the service of the Messrs. Ward he had commanded steamships in other lines running to Havana, and in his whole career, although he has gone through many dangers, he has never lost a ship or met with a serious disaster.

—Mr. Frank T. Ottarson, who for many years has been a prominent figure in the ranks of New York journalism, has recently taken editorial charge of the Troy (New York) *Telegram*.

—Mr. Carl Bock, the distinguished Norwegian traveller, has received double honors this year, the Geographical Society of Lisbon awarding him their gold medal, and the Emperor of Austria conferring the high distinction of Knight Commander of the Order of Franz-Josef.

—The method of teaching Chinamen in the Protestant Sunday-schools of this city requires a teacher for every pupil. Each pupil, no matter how long he has been an adult, is spoken of as a boy, and the race collectively is addressed as boys. After learning the English alphabet and the primer, John is set to reading the New Testament in English—a task which pleases him, and of which he does not tire. With few exceptions the Sunday-school Chinamen in New York are the proprietors of laundries. One of the communicants in the Twenty-third Street Reformed Presbyterian Church is a Chinese cigar-maker, who has thirty men in his employ. His ecclesiastical standing is excellent.

—If a girl has a musical voice, and wishes to support herself, she may earn from five hundred to twenty-five hundred a year by singing in a church choir, and may more than double the sum by engagements to appear at private parties. And for this purpose it is not necessary that her friends should expend five thousand dollars upon training her vocal powers in Italy. There are masters in New York fully competent to educate her. Singing in opera is a distinct branch of the profession, and, of course, requires special preparation; but there are many young women who earn an easy, handsome, and honorable living by using their voices to charm an audience in a church, a concert hall, or a private house, but who, for very substantial reasons, neither desire nor expect to undertake the venturesome business of singing in opera.

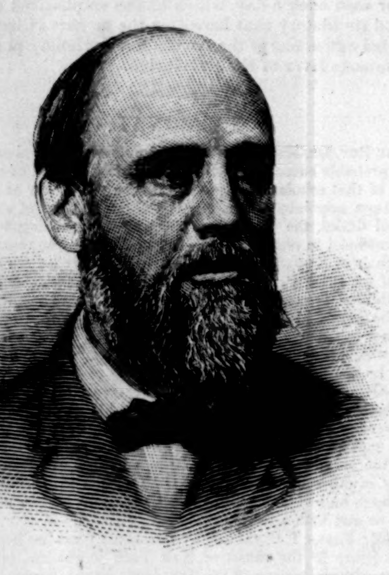
—Those who have visited Mr. George W. Childs's summer residence at Bryn Mawr, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about half an hour's ride from Philadelphia, will appreciate the extent of that gentleman's generosity in laying a plank walk from the house to the railroad station for the convenience of excursionists who desire to see the place and to regale themselves with the extensive and beautiful views over a rolling country which it affords. Probably there is not in the United States a more nearly perfect specimen of a Queen Anne villa. It is built of brick, is finished throughout in light woods, chiefly butternut and chestnut, and is surrounded by a noble terrace of cut granite. But the interior is charming, not because of elegance and costliness of decoration, but because of the simplicity of its quiet and tasteful effects. It is needless to add that, unlike some of his titled friends in Europe, Mr. Childs does not exact fees from visitors.

—Mr. P. T. Barnum is known to his personal friends not only as the "biggest-show-on-earth" man, but also as a teetotaler, a temperance advocate, an abjurer of narcotics, an excellent story-teller, fond of his home, domestic in his tastes, and contemplating the approach of death with but a single regret, namely, that the children of the United States should lose the only person in existence, or yet to be, who is at once able and willing suitably to provide amusement for them. We are therefore pleased but not surprised to learn that he has just given to the Fire Department, the Poor, and the Grand Army of the Republic thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of burial lots in the Bridgeport cemetery.

—The moment it is noised abroad that an old master has been hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, scores of letters are received by the director from every quarter of the land urging him to buy other old masters—much better than his old master. The advent in that institution of Raphael's celebrated "Madonna of the Candelabras" was the forerunner of at least a hundred begging epistles, accompanied by photographs and documents, from as many owners of alleged works by that painter. A well-known art dealer said the other day that he was gradually going crazy because of the old masters. Everybody who owned one wanted him to get Vanderbilt, Belmont, or Mrs. A. T. Stewart to buy it, and whenever an old master was lost at a fire, he was sure to be subpœnaed to testify to its great worth.

—Charles Backus, the "negro minstrel," who lately died of Bright's disease of the kidneys, leaves in the memories of a large company of Americans a gentle and affectionate regret. Not gifted himself with the greatest of mirth-giving gifts, he yet deserved the praise of having exerted faithfully and fully the benign influences of a mouth that no "negro minstrel" could gaze upon without envy. His jokes, though rude, were not coarse, in the coarsest sense of the word, and he has passed into silence with a public record that has made thousands of his fellow-creatures happy, and not one of them sad.

—Before the days of his eminent rascality, the late William M. Tweed, then foreman of "Big Six" Fire Engine Company, was in danger of being expelled from the Fire Department. While running to a fire his company was about to be passed by Hose Company No. 36, who were drawing their carriage along the sidewalk; but Tweed, in order that "Big Six" might not be left in the rear, threw barrels, boxes, and various missiles in front of the hose-carriage, and so impeded its progress as to gain for his own company the victory in speed. For this offense he was reported to the Common Council, and was about to be expelled. In great dismay he went to the office of a brother fireman, who was also an influential business man, and implored him to interfere. "It will ruin my character," he exclaimed, with intense earnestness, "to be expelled from the Fire Department. I should never survive it." The gentleman appealed to went down and saw the committee of the Common Council who had the matter in charge, and succeeded in saving Tweed. It should be said in justice to Tweed that when he came to power he did not fail to remember the kindness of his friend, although the latter disdained to avail himself of any benefit that was at the disposal of the Great Thief's gratitude.



THE HON. GEORGE HOADLY, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.—Photographed by Landy.

JUDGE HOADLY.

George Hoadly, the Democratic nominee for Governor in Ohio, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, July 31, 1826. He received his elementary education in Cleveland, Ohio, whither the family had removed in 1830. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, and graduated four years later. Having spent a year at the Harvard Law School, he entered the law office of Chase & Ball in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. Here he attracted the notice and secured the friendship of Salmon P. Chase, and was in 1849 admitted as junior partner to the firm (Chase, Ball, & Hoadly). The retirement of Mr. Chase from professional duty, consequent upon his election to the United States Senate, led to Mr. Hoadly's appearing in important cases early in his career, and no doubt contributed to his election by the Legislature in 1851 to the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati for the remainder of the term to which that court had been limited by the Constitution.

In 1855 he became City Solicitor of Cincinnati, and in 1859 was elected to the bench of the new Superior Court.

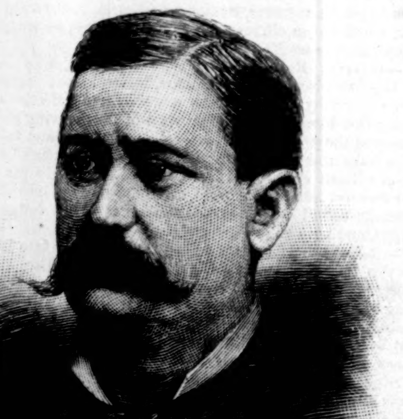
In 1856 he was offered by Governor Chase, and again by Governor Tod in 1862, a seat upon the Supreme Bench of Ohio, but declined both appointments.

Having been elected without opposition to the Constitutional Convention of 1873–4, he was made chairman of the Committee on Municipal Corporations. During the session he devoted himself principally to devising methods to check the increase of public burdens.

Originally a Democrat, and of a Democratic family, he took issue with his party on the question of slavery, and became attached to the Republican party, remaining a supporter of it until the end of Grant's first term. But in 1876, with many other Liberal Republicans, who believed that the necessary reforms in the government would be more surely secured by the election of Tilden and Hendricks than their opponents, he joined the Democratic ranks. At the invitation of the Democratic committee he appeared before the Electoral Commission as counsel for the Democratic electors of Florida and Oregon.

In the spring of 1882 he tried, as leading counsel for the assignee and creditors of Archbishop Purcell, the great case, not yet decided, involving the legal status of Catholic Church property. The preparation for this case, and his argument, which lasted three days, he regards as the most important intellectual effort of his life.

On his father's side Judge Hoadly is descended from a long line of New England farmers, whose sturdy qualities gained for themselves much honor. His grandfather served as a captain in the Revolution, and was afterward elected twenty-six times to the Connecticut Legislature. On his mother's side he belongs to a most distinguished family. He is a nephew of Dr. Woolsey and grand-nephew of Dr. Dwight (both ex-presidents of Yale College), a great-great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards, an own cousin to Theodore Winthrop and Sarah C. Woolsey, the latter being known in the literary world as Susan Coolidge.



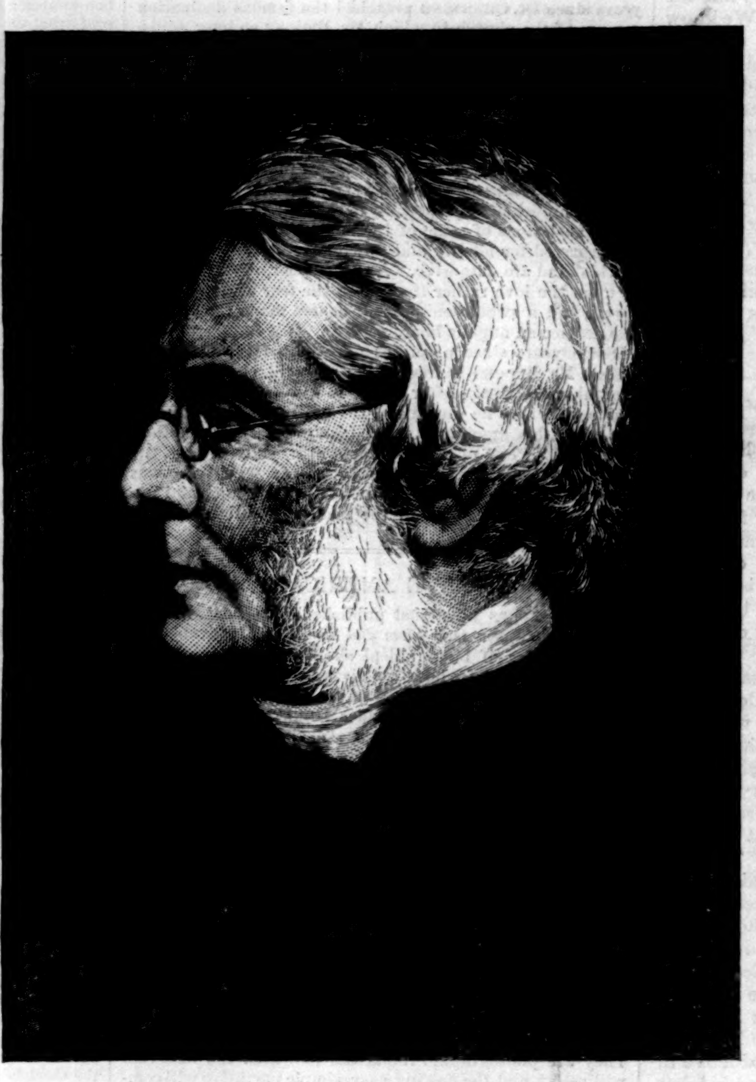
L. G. KINNE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF IOWA.—Photographed by Moore.

BISHOP COLENSO.

The Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal, who died recently at the scene of his long and active labors, is chiefly known by the controversy which arose on the publication of his work on *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua.* But aside from his views regarding the authenticity of these books, which were directly at variance with those held by orthodox Christians, Bishop Colenso must be acknowledged to have led a very useful life among the natives of his African home. He established schools among them, instructed them in the arts and practices of civilized life, and sought to defend them against the unjust aggressions of the colonists.

He was born at St. Anstell in 1814, and graduated with honors in 1836 from St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he afterward became a Fellow. Two years later he was made Mathematical Master at Harrow, holding that post until 1842. During that time he wrote and compiled his books on arithmetic and algebra, which became quite famous. In 1846 he was appointed Rector of Forncett St. Mary, in Norfolk, where he continued until 1853, when he was made D.D., and appointed to the bishopric of the colony of Natal.

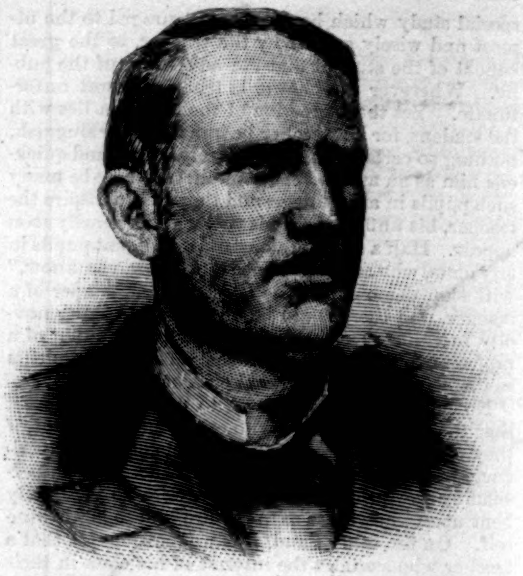
In 1862 Bishop Colenso, who had been engaged in translating the Bible into the Zulu language, published the controversial work already referred to. It was condemned by the Convocation of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Cape Town, as Metropolitan, declared him to be deposed; but the deposition was pronounced void in 1865 on an appeal to the Privy Council.



THE LATE BISHOP COLENSO.

COLONEL MORROW.

Colonel Thomas Z. Morrow was nominated for Governor of Kentucky by the Republican State Convention held at Lexington, May 24. Six ballots were necessary, and the final one which decided the contest stood 539 to 350. The nomination was subsequently made unanimous. The Colonel is about forty years of age. His home is in Somerset, Pulaski County. He was graduated from Center College, Danville, Kentucky, and is a lawyer of ability. He is a good political speaker, and is Chairman of the Republican Committee of his district. He and his opponent, Mr. Knott, are stumping the State together, and discussing the questions of the day before the people. In a debate at Mount Vernon Colonel Morrow, according to the Louisville *Evening Post*, arraigned the Democratic party of Kentucky for defective revenue laws which exacted the taxes from the poor and allowed the wealthy to escape; the mismanagement of the finances, by which $9,000,000 which the State had in 1865 have been entirely absorbed in the payment of a debt of only $6,000,000, and still leaving an indebtedness of $400,000 to be met by additional taxation. As an evidence of waste, he said the reports of the Court of Appeals for fourteen years had cost from $9 50 to $10 50 per volume, while in other States similar reports cost only two or three dollars. He asked what there was to show for the $3,000,000 wasted since the Democracy came into power in 1865? He then proceeded to illustrate the backwardness in educational and material development, and severely criticised the abuse of the pardoning power and the wholesale remission of fines, which have made the laws a dead letter. Mr. Knott in reply conceded the accuracy of Colonel Morrow's financial statements, but contended that Kentucky was no worse off than other States, and was willing she should remain as she is.



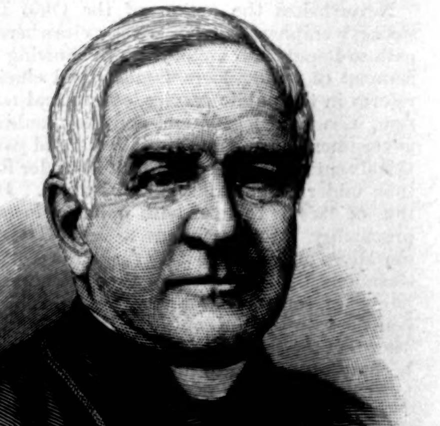
THOMAS Z. MORROW, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.—Photo. by Sandifer & Neil.

JUDGE KINNE.

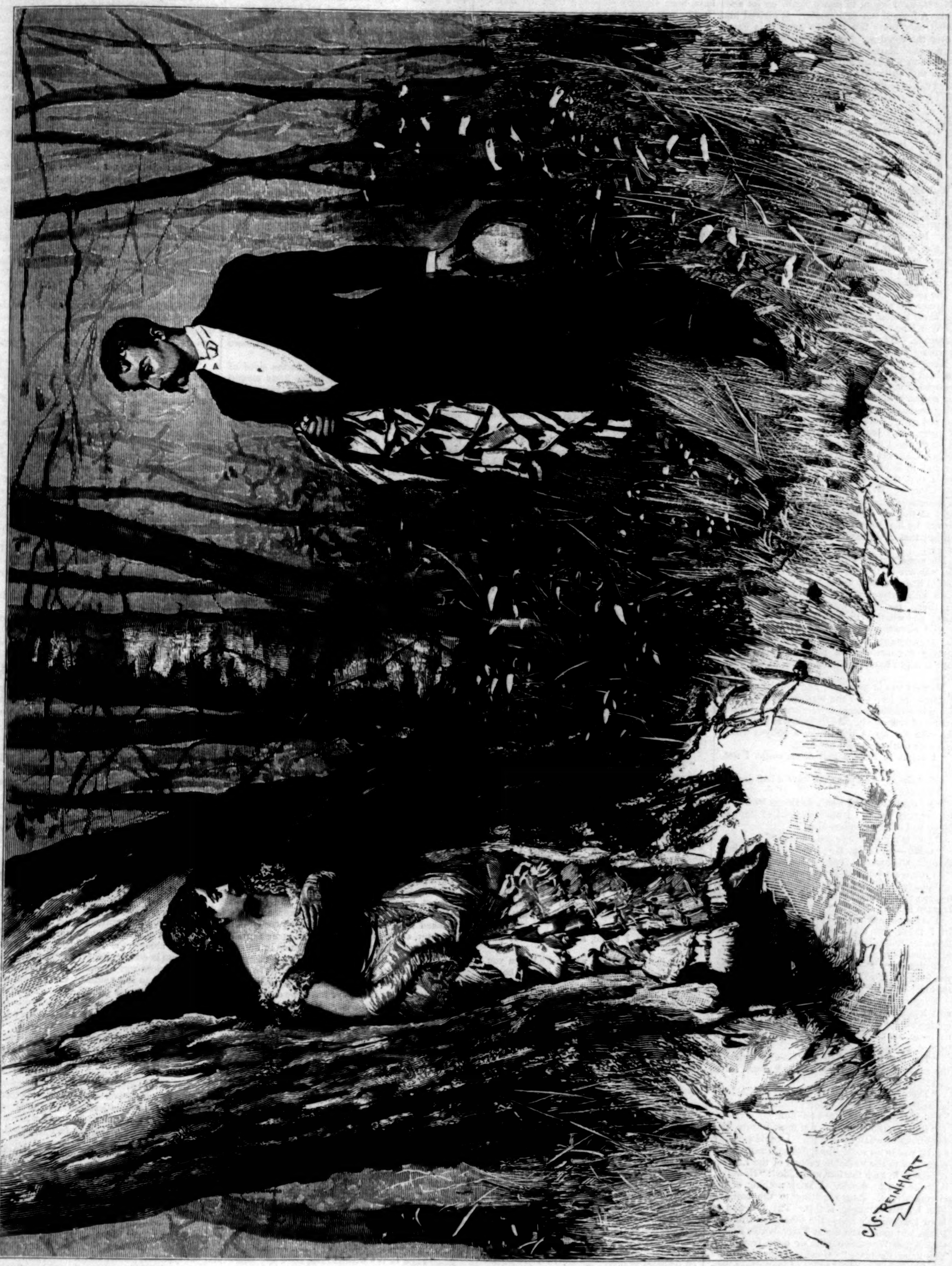
Judge L. G. Kinne, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, was born in Syracuse, in this State, on the 5th of November, 1846. His education was completed in the High School, and in 1865 he went West, settling in La Salle County, Illinois, going thence to the Law School of the State University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where he was graduated in 1868, entering upon the practice in his Illinois home, where he married in 1869, and immediately removed to Toledo, Tama County, Iowa, where he has since resided and practiced his profession. In 1872 he allied himself with the followers of Horace Greeley, and has since been an active, enthusiastic Democrat. In that year he was nominated for Circuit Judge in his district, and ran ahead of his ticket. In 1874 he was nominated for District Attorney, in the face of foredoomed defeat, though he led his ticket by several hundred votes. He is a popular speaker, and has taken an active part in every Iowa campaign for several years.

ARCHBISHOP WOOD.

Archbishop Wood, who died in Philadelphia on the 20th inst., was a native of that city, where he was born on the 27th of April, 1813, of English parentage. He was educated in England, and on his return, after an absence of five years, became a clerk in the United States Bank of Cincinnati, rising soon to the position of cashier. In 1837 he determined to enter the priesthood of the Church of Rome, and repaired to the Eternal City for his ecclesiastical education. He remained there seven years. In 1844 he was ordained a priest, and soon after was appointed assistant rector of the Cathedral in Cincinnati—an office which he held for nearly ten years. He was then appointed to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church in the same city. He was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia by Archbishop Purcell on April 26, 1857, succeeding in 1860 to the full bishopric. In 1875 he was elevated to the archbishopric.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WOOD.
By Permission from a Photograph by Gutekunst.



"I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS DREADFUL TREE!"

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

On the next occasion, which was just when the sun was changing places with the moon as an illuminator of Stickleford Dairy, she found him at the spot before her, and unincumbered by a horse. The melancholy that had so weighed him down at their first interview, and had been perceptible at their second, had quite disappeared. He pressed her right hand between both his own across the stile.

"My dear girl, God bless you!" said he, warmly. "I can not help thinking of that morning. I was too much overshadowed at first to take in the whole force of it. You don't know all, but your presence was a miraculous intervention. Now to more cheerful matters. I have a great deal to tell—that is, if your wish about the ball be still the same?"

"Oh, yes, sir—if you don't object," said the persistent maiden.

"Never think of my objecting. What I have found out is something which simplifies matters amazingly. In addition to your Yeomanry Ball at Casterbridge, there is also to be one in the next county about the same time. This ball is not to be held at the Town-hall of the county town as usual, but at Lord Blakemore's, who is colonel of the regiment, and who, I suppose, wishes to please the yeomen because his brother is going to stand for the county. Now I find I could take you there very well, and the great advantage of that ball over the Yeomanry Ball in this county is that there you would be absolutely unknown, and I also. But do you prefer your own county?"

"Oh, no, sir. It is a ball I long to see—I don't know what it is like. It does not matter where."

"Then I shall be able to make much more of you there, where there is no possibility of recognition. That being settled, the next thing is the dancing. Now reels and such things won't do. For think of this—there is a new dance at Almack's and everywhere else, over which the world has gone crazy."

"How dreadful!"

"Ah—but that is a mere expression—gone mad. It is really an ancient Scythian dance; but such is the power of fashion that, having once been adopted by Society, this dance has made the tour of the Continent in one season."

"What is its name, sir?"

"The polka. Young people, who always dance, are ecstatic about it, and old people, who have not danced for years, have begun to dance again on its account. All share the excitement. It arrived in London only some few months ago—it is now all over the country. Now this is your opportunity, my good Margery. To learn this one dance will be enough. They will dance scarce anything else at that ball. While, to crown all, it is the easiest dance in the world, and as I know it quite well, I can practice you in the step. Suppose we try?"

Margery showed some hesitation before crossing the stile: it was a Rubicon in more ways than one. But the curious reverence which was stealing over her for all that this stranger said and did was too much for prudence. She crossed the stile.

Withdrawing with her to a nook where two high hedges met, and where the grass was elastic and dry, he lightly rested his arm on her waist, and practiced with her the new step of fascination. Instead of music he whispered numbers, and she, as may be supposed, showed no slight aptness in following his instructions. Thus they moved round together, the moon shadows from the twigs racing over their forms as they turned.

The interview lasted about half an hour. Then he somewhat abruptly handed her over the stile, and stood looking at her from the other side.

"Well," he murmured, "what has come to pass is strange. My whole business after this will be to recover my right mind."

Margery (to whose recollections the writer is indebted for the details of this interview) always declared that there seemed to be some power in the stranger that was more than human, something magical and compulsory, when he seized her and gently trotted her round. But the lapse of many, many years may have led her memory to play pranks with the scene, and her vivid imagination at that youthful age must be taken into account in believing her. However, there is no doubt that the stranger, whoever he might be, and whatever his powers, taught her the elements of modern dancing at a certain interview by moonlight at the top of her father's garden, as was proved by her possession of knowledge on the subject that could have been acquired in no other way.

His was of the first rank of commanding figures, she was one of the most graceful of milkmaids, and to casual view it would have seemed all of a piece with Nature's doings that things should go on thus. But there was another side to the case; and whether the strange gentleman were a wild olive-tree or not, it was questionable if the acquaintance would lead to happiness. "A fleeting romance and a possible calamity"—thus it might have been summed up by the practical.

Margery was in paradise; and yet she was not distinctly in love with the stranger. What she felt was something more mysterious, more of the nature of veneration. As he looked at her across the stile she spoke timidly, on a subject which had apparently occupied her long.

"I ought to have a ball dress, ought I not, sir?"

"Certainly. And you shall have a ball dress."

"Really?"

"No doubt of it. I won't do things by halves for my best friend. I have thought of the ball dress, and of other things also."

"And is my dancing good enough?"

"Quite—quite." He paused, lapsed into thought, and looked at her. "Margery," he said, "do you trust yourself unreservedly to me?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, brightly: "if I am not too much trouble: if I am good enough to be seen in your society."

The Baron laughed in a peculiar way. "Really, I think you may assume as much as that. However, to business. The ball is on the twenty-fifth, that is next Thursday week; and the only difficulty about the dress is the size. Suppose you lend me this?" And he touched her on the shoulder to signify a tight little jacket she wore.

Margery was all obedience. She took it off and handed it to him. The Baron rolled and compressed it with all his force till it was about as large as a cricket ball, and put it into his pocket.

"The next thing," he said, "is about getting the consent of your friends to your going. Have you thought of this?"

"There is only my father. I can tell him I am invited to a party, and I don't think he'll mind. Though I would rather not tell him."

"But it strikes me that you must inform him something of what you intend. I would strongly advise you to do so." He spoke as if rather perplexed as to the probable custom of the English peasantry in such matters, and added: "However, it is for you to decide. I know nothing of the circumstances. As to getting to the ball, the plan I have arranged is this. The direction to Lord Blakemore's being the other way from my house, you must meet me at Three-Walks End in Chillington Wood, two miles or more from here. You know the place? Good. By meeting there we shall save five or six miles of journey—a consideration, as it is a long way. Now for the last time: are you still firm in your wish for this particular treat and no other? It is not too late to give it up. Can not you think of something else—something better—some useful household articles you require?"

Margery's countenance, which before had been beaming with expectation, lost its brightness, her eyes became moist, and her voice broken. "You have offered to take me, and now—"

"No, no, no," he said, patting her cheek. "We will not think of anything else. You shall go."

CHAPTER IV.

But whether the Baron, in naming such a distant spot for the rendezvous, was in hope she might fail him, and so relieve him after all of his undertaking, can not be said; though it might have been strongly suspected from his manner that he had no great zest for the responsibility of escorting her.

But he little knew the firmness of the young woman he had to deal with. She was one of those soft natures whose power of adhesiveness to an acquired idea seems to be one of the special attributes of that softness. To go to a ball with this glorious and mysterious personage of romance was her most ardent desire and aim; and none the less in that she trembled with fear and excitement at her position in so aiming. She felt the deepest awe, tenderness, and humility toward the Baron of the strange name, and yet she was prepared to stick to her point.

Thus it was that the afternoon of the eventful day found Margery trudging her way up the slopes from the vale to the place of appointment. She walked to the music of innumerable birds, which increased as she drew away from the open meads toward the groves. She had overcome all difficulties. After thinking out the question of telling or not telling her father, she had decided that to tell him was to be forbidden to go. Her contrivance therefore was this: to leave home this evening on a visit to her invalid grandmother, who lived not far from the Baron's house; to arrive at her grandmother's by breakfast-time next morning. Who would suspect the existence of a *lacuna* of twelve hours, during which she would be off to the ball? That this piece of deception was extremely wrong she afterward owned readily enough; but she did not stop to think of it then.

It was sunset within Chillington Wood by the time she reached Three-Walks End—the converging point of radiating trackways, now floored with a carpet of matted grass, which had never known other scythes than the teeth of rabbits and hares. The twitter overhead had ceased, except from a few braver and larger birds, including the cuckoo, who did not fear night at this pleasant time of year. Nobody seemed to be on the spot when she first drew near, but no sooner did Margery stand at the intersection of the roads than a slight crashing became audible, and her patron appeared. He was so transfigured in dress that she scarcely knew him. Under a light great-coat, which was flung open, instead of his ordinary clothes he wore a suit of thin black cloth, a waistcoat open all down the front, a white tie, shining boots no thicker than a glove, a coat that made him look like a bird, and a hat that seemed as if it would open and shut like an accordion.

"I am dressed for the ball—nothing worse," he said, dryly smiling. "So will you be soon."

"Why did you choose this place for our meeting, sir?" she asked, looking around and acquiring confidence.

"Why did I choose it? Well, because in riding past one day I observed a large hollow tree close by here, and it occurred to me when I was last with you that this would be useful for our purpose. Have you told your father?"

"I have not yet told him, sir."

"That's very bad of you, Margery. How have you arranged it, then?"

She briefly related her plan, on which he made no comment, but taking her by the hand as if she were a little child, he led her through the undergrowth to a spot where the trees were older and standing at wider distances. Among them was the tree he had spoken of—an elm; huge, hollow, distorted, and headless, with a rift in its side.

"Now go inside," he said, "before it gets any darker. You will find there everything you want. At any rate, if you do not you must do without it. I'll keep watch; and don't be longer than you can help to be."

"What am I to do, sir?" asked the puzzled maiden.

"Go inside, and you will see. When you are ready, wave your handkerchief at that hole."

She stooped into the opening. The cavity within the tree formed a lofty circular apartment four or five feet in diameter, to which daylight entered at the top, and also through a round hole about six feet from the ground, marking the spot at which a limb had been amputated in the tree's prime. The decayed wood of cinnamon brown, forming the inner surface of the tree, and the warm evening glow reflected in at the top, suffused the cavity with a faint mellow radiance.

But Margery had hardly given herself time to heed these things. Her eye had been caught by objects of quite another quality. A large white oblong paper box lay against the inside of the tree; over it, on a splinter, hung a small oval looking-glass.

Margery seized the idea in a moment. She pressed through the rift into the tree, lifted the cover of the box, and behold, there was disclosed within a lovely white apparition in a somewhat flattened state. It was the ball dress.

This marvel of art was, briefly, a sort of heavenly cobweb. It was a gossamer texture of precious manufacture, artistically festooned in a dozen flounces or more.

Margery lifted it, and could hardly refrain from kissing it. Had any one told her before this moment that such a dress could exist, she would have said, "No; it's impossible!" She drew back, went forward, flushed, laughed, raised her hands. To say that the maker of that dress had been an individual of talent was simply understatement: he was a genius, and she sunned herself in the rays of his creation.

She then remembered that her friend without had told her to make haste, and she spasmodically proceeded to array herself. In removing the dress she found satin slippers, gloves, a handkerchief nearly all lace, a fan, and even flowers for the hair. "Oh, how could he think of it!" she said, clasping her hands and almost crying with agitation. "And the glass—how good of him!"

Everything was so well prepared that to clothe herself in these garments was a matter of ease. In a quarter of an hour she was ready, even to shoes and gloves. But what led her more than anything else into admiration of the Baron's foresight was the discovery that there were half a dozen pairs each of shoes and gloves, of varying sizes, out of which she selected a fit.

Margery glanced at herself in the mirror, or at as much as she could see of herself: the image presented was superb. Then she hastily rolled up her old dress, put it in the box, and thrust the latter on a ledge as high as she could reach. Standing on tiptoe, she waved the handkerchief through the upper aperture, and bent to the rift to go out.

But what a trouble stared her in the face! The dress was so airy, so fantastical, and so extensive that to get out in her new clothes by the rift which had admitted her in her old ones was an impossibility. She heard the Baron's steps crackling over the dead sticks and leaves.

"Oh, sir—" she began, in despair.

"What, can't you dress yourself?" he inquired from the back of the trunk.

"Yes; but I can't get out of this dreadful tree!"

He came round to the opening, stooped, and looked in. "It is obvious that you can not," he said, taking in her compass at a glance; and adding to himself, "Charming! who would have thought that clothes could do so much!—Wait a minute, my little maid: I have it!" he said more loudly.

With all his might he kicked at the sides of the rift, and by that means broke away several pieces of the rotten touchwood. But being thinly armed about the feet he abandoned that process, and went for a fallen branch which lay near. By using the large end as a lever, he tore away pieces of the wooden shell which enshrouded Margery and all her loveliness, till the aperture was large enough for her to pass without tearing her dress. She breathed her relief: the silly girl had begun to fear that she would not get to the ball after all.

He now carefully wrapped round her a cloak he had brought with him: it was hooded, and of a length which covered her to the heels.

"The carriage is waiting down the other path," he said, and gave her his arm. A short trudge over the soft dry leaves brought them to the place indicated. There stood the brougham, the horses, the coachman, all as still as if they were growing on the spot, like the trees. Margery's eyes rose with some timidity to the coachman's figure.

"You need not mind him," said the Baron. "He is a foreigner, and heeds nothing."

In the space of a short minute she was handed inside; the Baron buttoned up his overcoat, and surprised her by mounting with the coachman. The carriage moved off silently over the long grass of the vista, the shadows deepening to black as they proceeded. Darker and darker grew the night as they rolled on; the neighborhood familiar to Margery was soon left behind, and she had not the remotest idea of the direction they were taking. The stars blinked out, the coachman lit his lamps, and they bowled on again.

In the course of an hour and a half they arrived at a small town, where they pulled up at the chief inn and changed horses, all being done so readily that their advent had plainly been expected. The journey was resumed immediately. Her companion never descended to speak to her; whenever she looked out there he sat upright on his perch, with the mien of a person who had a difficult duty to perform, and who meant to perform it properly at all costs. But Margery could not help feeling a certain dread at her situation—almost, indeed, a wish that she had not come. Once or twice she thought, "Suppose he is a wicked man, who is taking me off to a foreign country, and will never bring me home again?"

But her characteristic persistence in an original idea sustained her against these misgivings except at odd moments. One incident in particular had given her confidence in her escort: she had seen a tear in his eye when she expressed her sorrow for his troubles. He may have divined that her thoughts would take an uneasy turn, for when they stopped for a moment in ascending a hill he came to the window. "Are you tired, Margery?" he asked, kindly.

"No, sir."

"Are you afraid?"

"N—no, sir. But it is a long way."

"We are almost there," he answered. "And now, Margery," he said, in a lower tone, "I must tell you a secret. I have obtained this invitation in a peculiar way. I thought it best for your sake not to come in my own name, and this is how I have managed. A man in this county, for whom I have lately done a service, one whom I can trust, and who is personally as unknown here as you and I, has (privately) transferred his card of invitation to me. So that we go under his name. I explain this that you may not say anything imprudent by accident. Keep your ears open and be cautious." Having said this the Baron retreated again to his place.

"Then he is a wicked man, after all!" she said to herself; "for he is going under a false name." But she soon had the temerity not to mind it: wickedness of that sort was the one ingredient required just now to finish him off as a hero in her eyes.

They descended a hill, passed a lodge, then up an avenue; and presently there beamed upon them the light from other carriages, drawn up in a row, which moved on by degrees; and at last they halted before a large arched doorway, round which a group of people stood.

"We are among the latest arrivals, on account of the distance," said the Baron, re-appearing. "But never mind; there are three hours at least for your enjoyment."

The steps were promptly flung down, and they alighted. The steam from the flanks of their swarthy steeds ascended in clouds to the parapet of the porch, and from their nostrils the hot breath jetted forth like smoke out of volcanoes, attracting the attention of all.

CHAPTER V.

The bewildered Margery was led by the Baron up the steps to the interior of the house, whence the sounds of music and dancing were already proceeding. The tones were strange. At every fourth beat a deep and mighty note throbbed through the air, reaching Margery's soul with all the force of a blow.

"What is that powerful tune, sir? I have never heard anything like it," she said.

"The Drum Polka," answered the Baron.

Her surprise was not lessened when, at the entrance to the ball-room, she heard the names of her conductor and herself announced as "Mr. and Miss Brown."

However, nobody seemed to take any notice of the announcement, the room beyond being in a perfect turmoil of gayety, and Margery's consternation at sailing under false colors subsided. At the same moment she observed awaiting them a handsome, dark-haired, rather *petite* lady in cream-colored satin. "Who is she?" asked Margery of the Baron.

"She is the lady of the mansion," he whispered. "She is the wife of a peer of the realm, the daughter of a marquis, has five Christian names, and hardly ever speaks to commoners, except for political purposes."

"How heavenly! What joy to be here!" murmured Margery, as she contemplated the diamonds that flashed from the head of her ladyship, who was just inside the ball-room door, in front of a little gilded chair, upon which she sat in the intervals between one arrival and another. She had come down from London at great inconvenience to herself, openly to promote this entertainment.

As Mr. and Miss Brown expressed absolutely no meaning to Lady Blakemore (for there were three Browns already present in this rather mixed assembly), and as there was possibly a slight awkwardness in poor Margery's manner, Lady Blakemore touched their hands lightly with the tips of her long gloves, said, "How d'ye do," and turned round for more comers.

"Ah, if she only knew we were a rich Baron and his friend, and not Mr. and Miss Brown at all, she wouldn't receive us like that, would she?" whispered Margery, confidentially.

"Indeed she wouldn't," dryly said the Baron. "Now let us drop into the dance at once; some of the people here, you see, dance much worse than you."

Almost before she was aware she had obeyed his mysterious influence by giving him one hand, placing the other upon his shoulder, and swinging with him round the room.

At the first gaze the apartment had seemed to her to be floored with black ice; the figures of the dancers appearing upon it upside down. At last she realized that it was highly polished oak, but she was none the less afraid to move.

"I am afraid of falling down," said she.

"Lean on me; you will soon get used to it," he replied.

His words, like all his words to her, were quite true. She found it amazingly easy in a brief space of time. The floor, far from hindering her, was a positive assistance to one of her natural agility and litheness. Moreover, her marvellous dress of twelve flounces inspired her as nothing else could have done. Externally a new creature, she was prompted to new deeds. To feel as well dressed as the other women around her is to set any woman at her ease, whencesoever she may have come; to feel much better dressed is to add radiance to that ease.

Her prophet's statement on the popularity of the polka at this juncture was amply borne out. It was among the first seasons of its general adoption in country houses; the enthusiasm it excited to-night was beyond description, and scarcely credible to the youth of the present day. A new motive power had been introduced into the world of poesy—the polka—as a counterpoise to the new motive power that had been introduced into the world of prose—steam.

Twenty finished musicians sat in the gallery at the end, with romantic mop-heads of raven hair, under which their faces and eyes shone like fire under coals.

The nature and object of the ball had led to its being very inclusive. Every rank was there, from the peer to the smallest yeoman, and Margery got on exceedingly well, particularly when the recuperative powers of supper had banished the fatigue of her long drive.

Sometimes she heard people saying, "Who are they?—brother and sister—father and daughter? And never dancing except with each other—how odd!" But of this she took no notice.

When not dancing the watchful Baron took her through the drawing-rooms and picture-galleries adjoining, which to-night were thrown open like the rest of the house, and there, ensconcing her in some curtained nook, he drew her attention to scrap-books, prints, and albums, and left her to amuse herself with turning them over till the dance in which she was practiced should again be called. Margery would much have preferred to roam about during these intervals; but the words of the Baron were law, and as he commanded so she acted. In such alternations the evening winged away, till at last came the gloomy words, "Margery, our time is up."

"One more—only one!" she coaxed, for the longer they staid the more freely and gayly moved the dance. This entreaty he granted; but on her asking for yet another, he was inexorable. "No," he said. "We have a long way to go."

Then she bade adieu to the wondrous scene, looking over her shoulder as they withdrew from the hall, and in a few minutes she was cloaked and in the carriage. The Baron mounted to his seat on the box, where she saw him light a cigar;

they plunged under the trees, and she leaned back, and gave herself up to contemplating the images that filled her brain. The natural result followed: she fell asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD FELLOW.

TOM TO WILL AT SARATOGA.

Yes, as you say, they're charming girls,
Bright, lady-like, and witty,
And whether they wear bangs or curls,
They're all uncommon pretty.
And then they dress so well, 'tis clear
They think it's woman's duty
To study just what kind of gear
Will most enhance her beauty.
But really I begin to find
The place a trifle dreary—
Of so much loveliness combined,
Old chap, I'm growing weary.
And truth to tell, I'd like to see
A girl a wee bit homely;
I'm sure it would refreshing be,
Among a host so comely.
And I am thinking of one now:
Her nose—well, it is funny,
And though the sun has kissed her brow,
Her tresses are not sunny;
Nor are her eyes of wondrous size,
Like some that I've seen lately;
And while she with no fairy vies,
She's neither tall nor stately.
Her laughter wakes the echoes, and
She's altogether jolly;
No diamonds sparkle on her hand;
Her name's not "May," but "Molly";
She never sounds the final "g,"
Says "puddin'," "walkin'," "stunnin',"
And speaks no French, and yet to me,
By Jove! she's awful cunnin'.
And though these girls much lovelier are—
In fact, with graces laden—
I'd rather have, I would by far,
My little homely maiden.

Margaret Ettinge.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

On page 409 we give an illustration of the most important moment in the grand coronation ceremonies at Moscow, when, on the 27th of May, the Czar placed upon his head the imperial crown of Russia. There was great apparent enthusiasm among the populace, and all the accounts telegraphed from Moscow gave the impression that the people hailed the coronation as a most beneficent event. But when the foreign correspondents reached home, they had a different story to tell. The enthusiasm was all coerced. The apparently spontaneous outbursts of loyalty and affection were carefully arranged by the police and the military. And to-day the Czar is no more at ease than he was before the ceremony.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery,"
"Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob,"
"The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Far and wide blazed Miss Hermitage's festive lights, and farther and wider now blazed the conflagration, at first supposed to be part of the convivial lighting up. Beautiful and cheerful looked the airy pavilion of the watch-tower thus illuminated, conspicuous among the thousand beacons and twinkling lamps studding earth and sea as stars sprinkled the dusk heavens. Like a meteor it flashed and flickered in the sight of gazers far away, dwarfing and dulling the brilliantly lighted town below, soon making one bright point, one superb illumination, in what seemed now a pitchy environment.

Just as a splendid deed or a monstrous crime obscures lesser acts, whether good or evil, so the fire for the time and figuratively put out all lesser lights.

All was dark that winter night save the mansion blazing on the hill. For on a sudden the truth burst on the coast-guardsmen patrolling the coast and the midnight stragglers in the streets. The house of Miss Hermitage the millionaire was on fire. Then, of course, ensued the very commotion and disorder on which Miss Hermitage had counted. Amid this desperate hurrying to and fro of her household, this stampede of assembled guests as indecorous and summary as that of a routed army, this imminent peril of life and limb to every one, the author of the catastrophe was ignored. On the gay world devolved one duty only—that of self-preservation. On Valerian, as house steward, devolved a thousand. He was bound to concentrate all his energies on putting out the fire: it would be time enough to inquire into its origin to-morrow.

If it is wonderful how much we contrive to know of each other's affairs, still more astonishing is it to reflect on the number of events we are enabled to conceal from our neighbor. The extraordinary and often unexampled incidents, the scandals and mysteries, the shifts and extremities, that make up so large a portion of domestic life are for the most part kept to ourselves. For so doing we act wisely. Existence would indeed be insupportable were it not for a certain reticence and decorum concerning the meaner tragedy and comedy acted on the human stage; fireside rehearsals of more dignified dramas we laugh and weep at when becomingly represented. We are all indeed bound to remember that the duty of renunciation is more especially incumbent on us in the matter of sympathy. We must husband the sympathies of the wise and the magnanimous, and not squander them upon pitiful objects. Thus it came about that little of what had transpired was known to the agreeable and ingratiating sea-side world in which Miss Hermitage had so long moved a central figure. The house had been fired in several places, and the fire had with some difficulty been put out, the hostess and her strange and beautiful guest Stephana, who were the first to give the alarm, receiving some slight hurt. Miss Hermitage was said to be mentally, not bodily, ill from the shock. Little wonder, poor lady, every one ejaculated, and every one left cards and notes of inquiry to be duly forwarded. There the matter ended, except for a few speculations on the probable origin of the fire.

"Miss Hermitage's jewels at the bottom of it, of course," said one. "A concerted thing. A diamond robbery."

"That comes of having servants who are Swedenborgians and read Radical newspapers," observed another.

A third imputed the fire to a foreign butler whose nose was slightly awry, a fourth to a house-maid who squinted. Had an ill-looking peddler been seen on the premises a few hours before the catastrophe he would most certainly have been tried for arson, and probably condemned, so close is the connection in most minds between darns and damnation, virtuous conduct and irreproachable shirt fronts. No one suspected the truth, except, of course, those who knew Miss Hermitage well—Colette and Valerian—but not a word was said. Only Stephana as yet took Valerian into her confidence.

Next morning, the first day of the new year, she found him in the little breakfast-room, looking haggard enough after that long night of shock, alarm, and exertion. For the first time, too, Stephana noticed that he looked spiritless and depressed, whilst her own weariness was of the body only. One slender hand that had been injured in the fire was bandaged and bound in a sling, but her brow was serene, her dark eyes lustrous as ever, and she greeted Valerian with a sweet smile.

She sat down at the breakfast table and sipped the coffee he poured out for her, glancing at him without a word. At last, as he seemed disinclined to begin, she said, with a searching yet not unsympathetic look: "I have one command to lay upon you. Christina is going away this very day. You must not try to see her."

"Why should I try to see her?" was the bitter reply.

"You must try to forgive each other," Stephana said, sadly and insinuatingly.

Valerian's eyes for a moment showed angry fire. The next he controlled himself, and answered in cold, measured tones:

"I am sorry that you blame me, my cousin."

"What right have I to blame you, or any one?" Stephana exclaimed. Never in all her life had she felt so sorry for Valerian as now. "Can one human being judge another? But it seemed to me"—and here she looked him in the face, all the light of that transparent soul beaming out of her eyes—"it seemed to me that you might have learned the truth without having recourse to a shift."

"From her?—never. You do not know—" He broke off with a deep flush. How could he pronounce the words "my mother"?

"Will you be quite candid with me, Valerian?" continued Stephana, in soft, sweet, sisterly accents. "I know how deeply you must have felt the uncertainty about your birth, and how vindictively you must, in your own mind, have accused the authors of it for the injustice done to you. Here indignation was proper and justifiable But there is another feeling, as natural and strong, that should surely be yours also. Do you not own to it? Are you not drawn toward your mother?"

Valerian's face but hardened under the influence of these moving words. Stephana, contemplating him, asked herself by what spell she could melt that obdurate heart, subdue that intractable mood. He was hers; she was bound to do with him as she would. Yet he sat there, opposite to her, listening to her, icy cold, frozen into stony indifference. Gazing at him then, she saw as she had never seen it before the likeness between the pair. It was not only Christina's son, but Christina's very image, a second self, she now saw before her.

She moved a step nearer, and said, in the softest, most healing tones of her tender voice: "Dear Valerian, you are not alone; you have a friend to confide in. Unburden yourself to me."

"And if I were to do so," cried Valerian, desperate and vindictive, "I should have a friend no longer. You would turn from me in mistrust and disappointment."

Then with all those dear yet stinging reflections of Arthura rushing into his mind, with all that consciousness of treachery toward her and Stephana vividly before him, what wonder that he sought to justify himself by exaggerating a long-treasured up sense of wrong? He knew well enough that he was what he was by virtue of character and temperament, and that however much the circumstances of his birth might have marred his prospects in life, they had not taught him to confound good and evil. He was first himself—a reasoning, thinking being, a man after that Valerian the nameless, the disowned. But having now to plead his own cause to Stephana, he seized upon a supreme misfortune, or at least mishap, and made it do duty for weakness unrestrained, self-indulgence unchecked, principle set at defiance, and duty disallowed.

"How can I unburden myself?" he continued. "You exact high motives and a spirit of self-abnegation in the least little thing. I have none of these to give you. I am a very poor creature, Stephana; perhaps no worse, certainly no better, than circumstances have made me."

"You can not think so meanly of yourself as you say," Stephana replied, kindly though reprovingly. "At least this revelation was no affair of chance; you hazarded the play, and from what motive? Not a sense of injury alone; surely more than that," she pleaded, almost passionately. "Instinct, affection, must have prompted you—"

"Say rather hate," cried Valerian. "Think for a moment, and blame me if you can, if you dare. What have I been to this woman—my mother, then, since you bid me so call her? A friend, an equal, a confidant? Nothing of the kind. She has used me for her own selfish purpose only, wanting no son, only a better sort of serving-man, a superior lackey, ever at her beck and call. As far as serviceableness goes we are quits; I at least have earned my wages."

"But," said Stephana, still using gentleness and suavity, "as yet you do not know all. Do not consider your own wrongs irreparable till you know what her own have been."

"I know already enough," retorted Valerian, in biting tones. "No, Stephana, rid me of my hate toward her if you can and will, but ask no affection in return. Let me never so much as see her."

"Valerian," Stephana cried, turning full upon him the subdued light of her mesmeric eyes, "is there room in your heart for hate? If so, love will be surely pushed out. Master yourself, your worse self, and pity, even love, when duty bids."

Valerian heard in sullen silence. Stephana, having deepest pity for him, discerning the intense wretchedness at the bottom of his mood, grew kinder and kinder, more and more compassionate. The unutterable depth of her pitiful love —not for this poor, ill-used, worldly Valerian any more than for all wretched, sinful souls—shone out of her dark eyes, and thrilled her tender voice as she continued speaking, determined to vanquish at last.

"Do not think that I am insensible to your wrongs. I have perhaps exaggerated them in my own mind." Here for a moment the tears rose and a fine blush mantled her pale cheeks. "For wrongs may appear virtues in those we care most about, and I must have fallen into the error I imputed to you—a nobleness that you disclaim. I took yours to be a generous nature."

Valerian listened, unresponsive, wrestling all the time with himself. He was torn to pieces by the angel and the demon that are in us all, wanting to take this opportunity of revealing everything to Stephana, throwing himself upon her magnanimity for once and for all, wishing at the same time to draw her nearer to him, to make her his close friend forever by winning her confidence and her love. Never was a better chance of righting himself in Stephana's eyes. She would have forgiven everything in consideration of a disinterested love.

"Whose son am I? From whom should I inherit generosity?" he exclaimed, once more shifting all the blame of his own conduct on others. "First make me generous, Stephana; then exact generous deeds. I am no meaner than others so schooled."

She saw that he was struggling with himself, and naturally imputed the conflict to the only problem before her own mind. Here again Valerian's double dilemma served him in good stead. It was Christina's son, not Arthura's lover, battling with his better nature; and to Christina's son how much should be forgiven! She looked at him searchingly, almost tenderly; then she asked him, with that exquisite tenderness that ever marked her speech, "Tell me, Valerian, do you care for me as you did in Italy?"

This question, made in the quietest tones of a woman's sweet voice, and from no mere coquettish curiosity, but the noblest, most single-minded motives, probed Valerian's nature to the very depths. He realized the final test, the palmary proof, herein exacted of him. On this yea and nay must depend his soul's last lapse or bright redemption—a step upward in the paths of shining goodness and glorious truth, or deep down into the dark, mazy ways of crookedness and wile.

For a moment the conflict lasted, yet how much longer it seemed! Before Valerian's mind flashed a warm, sunny picture—the green heart of a woodland glade; round about, close set spinnies of larch and fir; above, the blue skies of happy France; and happiest of all, two lovers keeping holiday. He heard the murmurous flow of silvery currents, and mingled with the sound a clear girlish voice prattling of the future that belonged to both. Then Valerian's faculties suddenly quickened to a sense of reality; the past became faint, the dalliance and the dreams, and he bowed in body as in spirit before this august presence. Stephana had subdued, vanquished him, he said to himself, as he now bent down, half kneeling, to kiss her hand, she smiling, without love, but full of pity and encouragement. And somehow the uncommon graciousness of her looks and manner, and the positive glory that seemed to sit on her pure forehead and beam out of her rare eyes, made Valerian for a moment feel as if she must have cast a glamour over him, and made him hers in spite of duty and himself. "Do I care for you?" he cried, yielding himself to the alluring thought, the supreme condonation. He was no free agent. Stephana willed to fascinate him. "I am yours, whether I will or no—yours, Stephana, to do with as you may."

She made no answer, but, bending down proudly and compassionately—for she saw that there were tears in his eyes—kissed him on the forehead. A kiss that meant many things. Not love, certes, but a prophecy of spiritual amendment on his part, whose base is love, indeed; reconcilement also, which is of love's fellowship; and above all these, love's essence and sublimate, divine pity.

CHAPTER XXX.

Stephana might lull herself into fancied security with regard to Valerian, hoping if not believing here to have found or evoked a soul. But how to melt that kindred nature, hitherto unyielding as iron in her hands? Would Christina ever prove tractable? Would she own at last to some soft influence or tender affection? To Stephana just now came one of those phases through which all fine spirits sooner or later must pass. She could not help asking herself any more than other noble creatures why the sensitive must be paired with the dull of feeling, the clear-souled with the earth-born, the chaste with the gross-minded. Why should they whose thoughts perpetually soar beyond the vulgar needs of day be dragged to earth by meaner kinship? Where could she find two beings less in sympathy with her than these two, Valerian and Christina? Yet she must bear them company, share their daily life, love them if she could. Perhaps the response to such questioning is not hard to find. There is no island of the blessed except in the day-spring of human history. The supreme lesson of knowledge is that good and evil do not dwell apart, and that to combat the evil, the good must seek it out and bear it company. We can not cut off the wicked, but we may lessen the springs of iniquity, and so gradually diminish their numbers. When each of us takes the sins of our next-door neighbor to heart as if they were our own, the world will be in a fair way to mend. Not a disturbing word was breathed to Christina till Stephana and Colette had carried her a hundred miles and more from Valerian. "I can not see him. Keep him away from me," was the sick woman's constant cry, for she was sick indeed. No bodily distemper ailed her, no physician had to be called in; her malady was a morbid fear of Valerian, and the medicine lay in security from him.

When at last they reached Torquay, leaving Valerian behind, she put the question nervously: "Valerian will not come? You are sure of it, Stephana?"

Stephana sat down beside her cousin in the cheerful spacious drawing-room looking on to the sea, and smiled reprovingly. "I have already promised. Do you not think I can keep Valerian away?"

"They say you can do anything you choose," was the half-satisfied reply. "There are many things you may now do for me."

"All as easy as keeping poor Valerian away?"

"They should be, if half what folks say concerning you is true." Miss Hermitage's eyes looked at Stephana as if fain to read her very soul. "How much is true?" she added. "Do you have visions? Can you foresee what is coming? Have you power to look beyond the grave?"

All these questions, put in Miss Hermitage's brusque, hard way, took Stephana fairly by surprise. She was silent for a little breathing space, then made quiet reply:

"Visions, foreshadowings, insight into futurity? What are they, indeed, but so many names for spiritual gifts of the less common kind? If I see things that are hidden and mysterious to most, is it not because I have pondered on them more? If I seem at times warned of any rare event about to happen, must not such warning spring from intuition, shared with the rest of my fellows, only possessed by myself in a more marked degree? And if"—here she lifted her radiant forehead and serenely confronted the peering gaze fixed upon her—"if I do feel at times as if the mystery of the tomb were revealed to me, is it not merely saying that I seem to see that which I so intensely hope, that which I so implicity believe in?"

"Stephana!" cried the elder woman, eagerly, "I believe in you, although in nothing else. Lift the veil. Life I know. Let me understand whatever be the meaning of death!"

Stephana shook her head with a wondrous smile of sadness, scorn, and pity.

"I would willingly accord your request," she said, "but the eyes that penetrate into the mysterious and the unknown must be pure. For what is all mystery but another name for God, and who can approach Him without a guileless heart? Peace should be there—love, too, and compassion."

"People can fulfill their duty without love," retorted Miss Hermitage. "I am ready to do all in my power for Valerian. Let him be. But tell me, Stephana, what is this death we all talk so much of without understanding? Are you aught wiser here than poor little Colette, who believes that the burning of candles will save her mother's soul?"

"You shall judge for yourself when I can tell you exactly what I have been brought to believe," answered Stephana. "For the present, I can not, I dare not, take you into my confidence. Think for a moment. Were I to lead you, as a curious child into a stately palace, and to try to explain the wonderful and beautiful things I have to show to your inner eye (no less clear and bright than those you look on now, the blue sea, and the sky, and the shore), how would you fare when thus brought face to face with Divine truth and love, which are as a near and solemn presence to those who abide in them—how would you fare, I say, with this darkness about your soul, this hatred in your heart, and for whom—your own son, your very own, although born—"

"In shame, but not in sin," murmured the other, in a low voice. Then she added, slowly, "There was a marriage."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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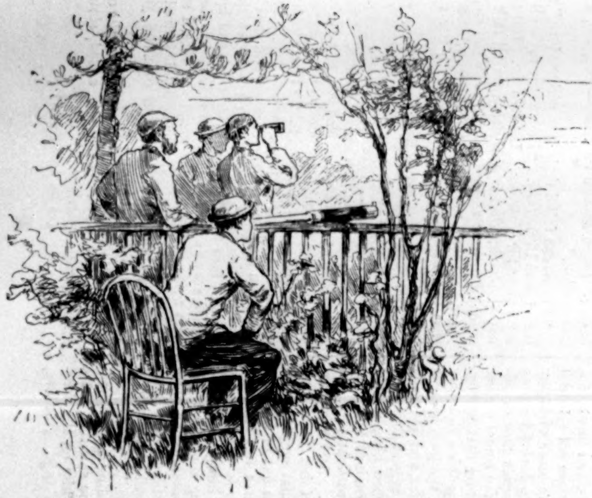
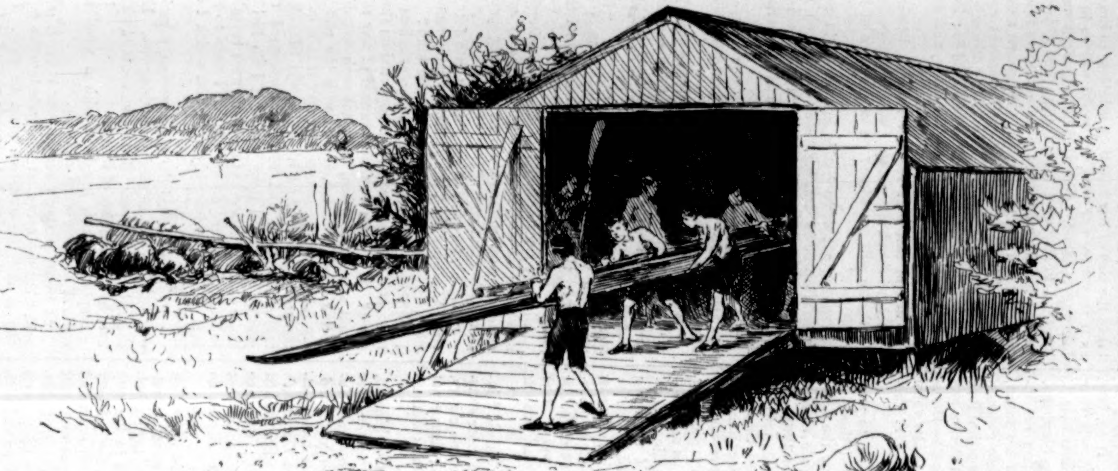
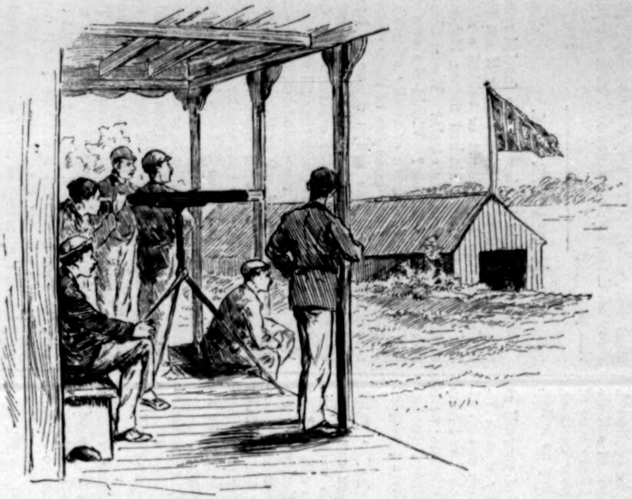
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.



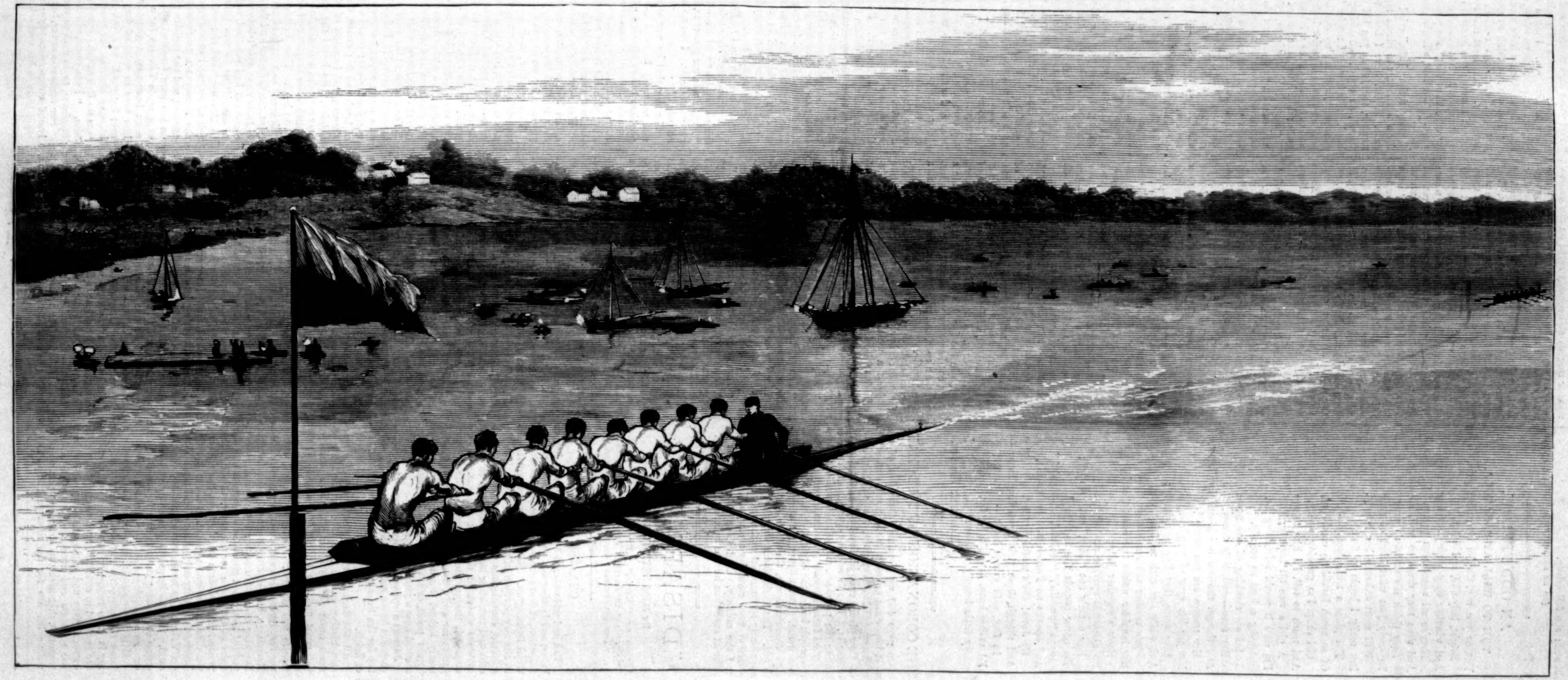
COLUMBIA OBSERVING HARVARD.



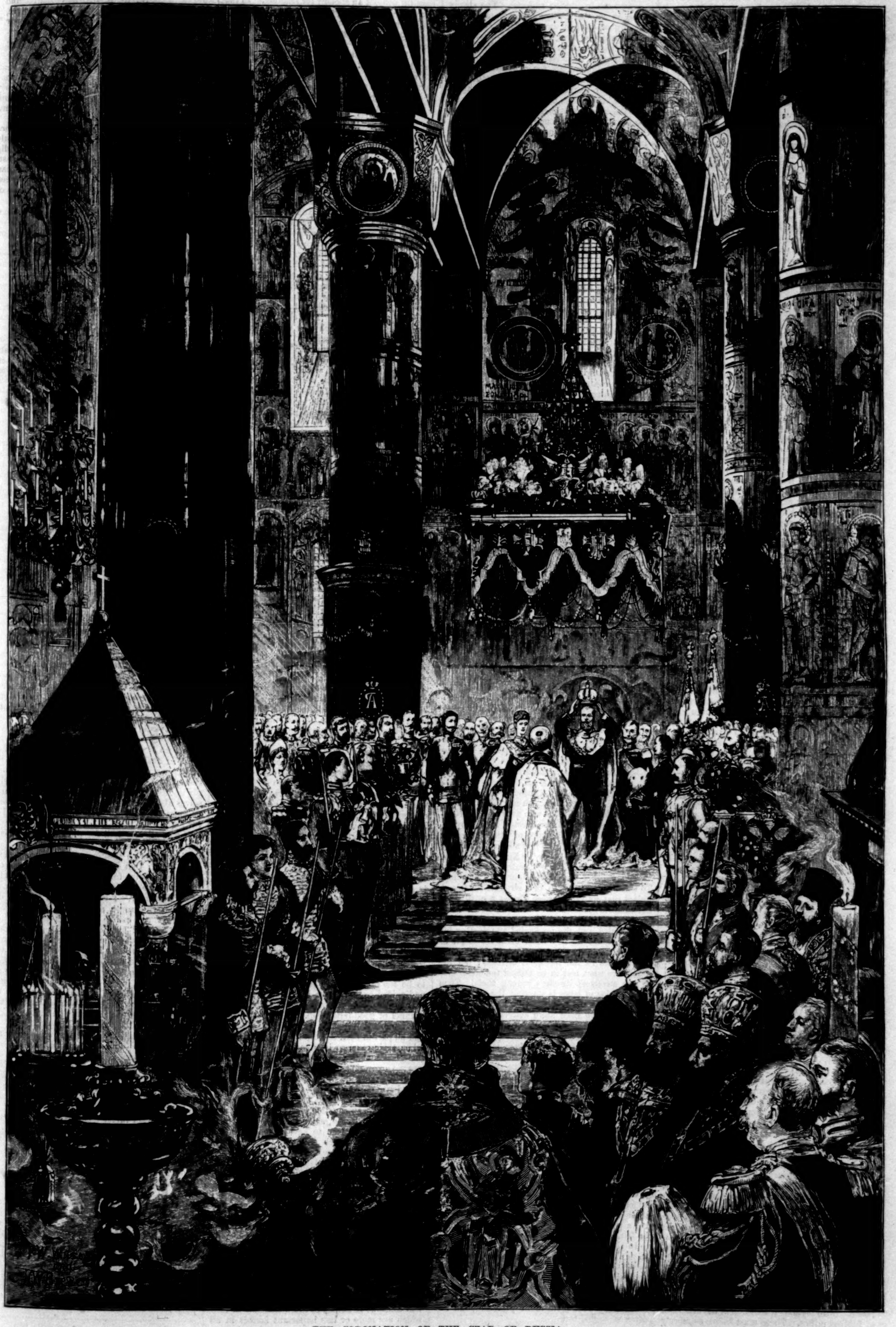
COLUMBIA CREW GETTING OUT THEIR BOAT.



HARVARD OBSERVING COLUMBIA.



THE HARVARD AND COLUMBIA BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT—THE FINISH.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 410.]



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

THE CZAR PLACING THE IMPERIAL CROWN UPON HIS HEAD IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.—[See Page 407.]

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

This venerable institution has reached its centennial anniversary. The history of this institution is full of interest. *A Sketch of Dickinson College*, from the pen of Professor C. F. Himes, Ph.D., the material for which was gathered from many sources, some even rescued "from the paper stock of a ragman's loft," and an *Alumni Record*, just completed by Professor J. A. Lippincott, D.D., must prove contributions of substantial value to the historical literature of the college. Born of the devotion to higher education which characterized the earlier colonial times, the college received its charter from the Pennsylvania Legislature in September, 1783, the closing words of the act naming the institution for "his Excellency John Dickinson, Esq.," in memory of the great and important services rendered to his country, as well as in recognition of his munificence to the college.

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the home of Governor Dickinson, in Philadelphia, September 15, 1783. Side by side with the name of Dickinson must stand that of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, as one who rendered enthusiastic devotion to the interests of the school.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Nisbet, of Scotland, was secured as first President by Dr. Rush, through whom largely Princeton had secured Dr. Witherspoon as President fifteen years before. At that time Dr. Witherspoon had suggested in his stead Dr. Nisbet as "the person of all his acquaintance the fittest for that office." Besides his remarkable talents and pre-eminent learning, Dr. Nisbet was the fearless champion of America's cause. In June, 1785, after a voyage of forty-seven days from Greenock, Dr. Nisbet reached Philadelphia, and arrived at Carlisle on July 4. "Upon information of his approach a deputation of citizens and a troop of horse were dispatched to escort him into the town." On the following day he took the oath of office.

Professor Ross was at the head of the Grammar School, assisted by Mr. Robert Johnson as tutor, who later became Professor of Mathematics. The Rev. Dr. Robert Davidson was soon added as Professor of History and Belles Lettres, and a Mr. Jait was appointed "to teach the students to read and write the English language with elegance and propriety"—a work too often receiving little attention in the modern college curriculum. Under the care of these able and enthusiastic instructors the college entered upon its first century.

Apart from the excellent instruction and prodigious labor of the faculty, certain peculiarities of administration are of interest. According to the account given by Chief Justice Taney, class of 1795, not only were the subjects of the orations of graduates selected by Dr. Nisbet, but a skeleton accompanying indicated the manner of its treatment. Absentees from recitations and prayers were fined at the discretion of the professors from threepence to sixpence. At a meeting of the entire college, Saturday morning, absences were reported and fines collected, and absence from this meeting involved a fine of one-eighth of a dollar. The moneys from this source were applied to fuel and repairs of buildings.

Want of space compels us to pass hurriedly from the death of Dr. Nisbet in 1804 through the succeeding years of vicissitude to the year of 1833, when the college passed to the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This denomination, now interested in the cause of higher education, gave to this institution its best support.

Of the earlier faculty under the Methodist control those competent to speak have uttered words of highest praise. The Rev. Dr. Durbin, perhaps the foremost man of his times in pulpit eloquence, widely known as chaplain of the United States Senate, and later as editor of the *Christian Advocate*, became the efficient President, whose administration, eminent for its wisdom, firmness, and tact, extended from 1833 to 1845. Of some of his colleagues we can only make mention. Among them were Professor Merritt Caldwell, a beautiful character, of whom Dr. Crooks has said, "New England ruggedness was in him, tempered by a tender, moral sensibility"; Professor Allen, afterward President of Girard College, who "created perpetual surprises by his great versatility"; Dr. Emory, a scholarly gentleman, whose logical faculty gave to him "a judicial exactness"; and Dr. McClintock, of lightning-like intellect, known equally as orator, professor, and author.

Forbearing to notice the several professors, it must suffice to link the Presidency of Dr. Durbin with the present by naming his successors, viz., Robert Emory, Jesse T. Peck, Charles Collins, Herman M. Johnson, Robert L. Dashiell, and James A. McCauley. Through these hundred years the college has sent forth a steady stream of influence into the channels of national life. We have not the data for determining the total number of alumni. Thousands have, however, gone forth to take their several places in public and private life, and illustrate the mission of the man of culture as that of a helper in society, using "the tongue of the learned to speak a word in season to him that is weary." To mention a few of the more illustrious is indeed an unpleasant task, as hundreds of others equally worthy, and many perhaps equally famous, must of necessity be omitted. It is, however, a matter of public interest that Dickinson claims as her sons such names as Chief Justice Taney, President James Buchanan, Judge-Advocate-General Horatio C. King, in political life; the Rev. George W. Bethune, C. F. Deems, Otis H. Tiffany, Bishops Bowman and Hurst, in the ministry; Moncure D. Conway, in literature; Professors Spencer F. Baird and Theodore G. Wormley, in science; and in authorship, Dr. H. M. Harman, whose recent "Introduction" places him in the first rank of Biblical critics. These must suffice as merely representative of a large and goodly company.

During the war the college sustained a heavy loss in the withdrawal of Southern patronage. For a time the institution suffered. The steady increase in numbers, the influx of money, and awakening of interest among the older alumni are doubtless due to a variety of causes. The diligent attention of the present administration to internal work, the advance in scholarship, the more rigid requirements for admission, the remarkable increase of railroad facilities, the freedom from any financial embarrassment—these are some of the causes that have operated to secure to the college that increased prosperity with which it enters upon the new century of its life.

Carlisle is an old town. Here may be found, as in any place of any respectability, the traditional "Washington's Head-quarters." The barracks, just outside the town, are certainly linked with the Revolutionary struggle. The original building was burned on that night in July, 1863, when, just prior to the battle of Gettysburg, this town was surrounded and bombarded. The order from General Fitzhugh Lee to the officer in command for the surrender of the town received from him the laconic reply, "Come and take it." The Confederates did not "come and take it," but, after shelling it vigorously, moved on their way toward and across South Mountain to that field which soon shook with the thunders of the greatest battle of the rebellion. The barracks, since rebuilt, are occupied by the well-known Government Indian School, under Captain Pratt.

The recent handsome increase in Dickinson's endowment and the remodelling of the buildings afford much gratification to her friends. The college wisely limits itself to college work, and as there are no tutors, all students are brought into immediate contact with the professors. Of the present faculty we can not speak in an article of this character other than to say that their scholarship is an adornment to the institution they serve with thoroughness and efficiency. The least that may be said of President McCauley and his eleven years of scholarly and judicious administration is that, inspired by the Dickinson College of the Past, trained as he was in the days of Durbin and Emory, he has sought to take up the Dickinson College of the Present, and bear it on toward his manly and lofty ideal of the Dickinson College of the Future.

The Centennial Commencement, with its baccalaureate sermon by President McCauley, special sermon by Bishop Bowman, oration by Robert Collyer, poem by W. F. Spottiswoode, alumni oration by Dr. Crooks, and alumni poem by Colonel Horatio C. King, besides class reunions, society celebrations, forms an appropriate recognition of this memorable era in the life of old Dickinson.

J. E. Price.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS AMONG CITY TENEMENTS.

To the wealthy, the well-to-do, or even to those of moderate means, a "heated term" in New York only furnishes the needed excuse for leaving the city. It invites them to the cool resorts of mountain or sea-shore, where new life with new pleasures awaits them, and from which they will return, when it is past, recuperated by their vacation, and ready, with renewed energy, to resume their labors. To the poor man, the mechanic or laborer who can not escape from the city, but whose humble home is clean and provided with a fair amount of light and air, it means a degree of discomfort at which he growls, but which does not seriously impair his health nor affect his happiness. To the wretches who swarm in the reeking tenements of Baxter, Hester, Mott, Doyers, Ludlow, Jersey, and a score of other streets in the New York slums, who find a horrible travesty of home in "Bottle Alley," "Nixon's Yard," or "Rag-pickers' Row," the "heated term" brings with it another and more significant meaning. To them it means death, or a struggle for life so pitiful that its failure were almost a greater relief than its success.

With the mercury stealthily reaching up into the nineties, and the unclouded sun darting his fiercest rays down into those great reservoirs of heat, the city streets, the hot *days* of midsummer are terrible in the tenement districts; but the *nights* are what test to its utmost the endurance of the strongest dwellers among them. Then the stimulus of labor is wanting, the stored heat of the brick walls and pavements seems to radiate from them even more actively than during the day, the faint afternoon breeze has died out, and the foul air, pestilent with vapors from rotting heaps of garbage and refuse, is undisturbed by a breath. Unremitting labor from dawn until dark has nearly exhausted the strength necessary for the maintenance of a further struggle with the heat, and in its agony and despair poor humanity is almost willing "to curse God and die."

Then ensue the scenes that our artist has attempted to depict on our front page. Thousands, driven from the noisome dens with which from cellar to roof the houses are filled, absolutely gasping for air, swarm into the streets, where, though their sufferings are but slightly alleviated, they find the company which misery loves. Other occupants of the tenements seek the flat roofs with which the economy of interior space has provided these houses, and on which it is possible that during a portion of the night at least a breeze may be felt.

In these aerial, open-air chambers there is always a struggle for the best positions, which are generally secured by the earliest comers or strongest applicants for them. In spite of the imminent danger of rolling or being crowded off from them and falling to the pavement below, those nearest the edge seem to be preferred, and are often struggled for.

A bit of matting, a piece of old carpet, or a tattered blanket forms the usual house-top bed, and, lacking these, the weary form rests on the bare tin without an apology for bedding. In the early evening the occupants of the roofs are very restless, and among them there is much moving about, noise, and confusion; but as the night wears on, quiet settles over the squalid community, and for a few hours their sufferings are relieved by merciful sleep. As our artist threaded his way through the dark passages and up the narrow stairways of one of the most wretched of east-side tenement-houses, late one evening of a recent "hot spell," the sights and sounds surrounding him were so horrible, and the air he was compelled to breathe was so deadly, that he was almost tempted to forego his purpose. Passing the dark interiors of filthy rooms, whence issued the pitiful wailings of children, and the maudlin laughter, shouts, or curses of drunken men and women, he at length gained the roof. Before him, outstretched in every position, scanty of dress and careless of observation, revealed in the full moonlight or partially concealed and indistinct in the black shadows of chimneys or the walls of more lofty buildings, were men, women, children, and helpless infants, seeking here the repose denied them in the sweltering interiors below. An exhausted woman lay sound asleep, heedless of the wailing baby who feebly clutched at her breast. A man sat with feet hanging over the verge of the roof, gazing downward with a fixed stare, as though meditating a speedy and final relief from his present sufferings. Two children desisted from the quarrel in which they were engaged to gaze stupidly at the intruder.

He could look far down into the street, from which arose poisons more deadly than the miasma of tropical swamps, and see other unfortunates to whom even the scant comfort of the house-top was denied. Listless figures with haggard faces leaned from the windows of the tall houses, and every fire-escape platform held its group of those willing to forfeit sleep if they might here obtain a breath of cooler air. Some of these waved mechanically to and fro tattered remnants of fans reclaimed from ash-barrels.

A sadder scene could not well be imagined, and as the artist hurriedly made his sketches and took leave of it, he realized, as none can except him who has gazed upon similar pictures of suffering, the blessed work being done in great cities by the promoters of fresh-air funds, sea-side homes, and kindred charities, of which the objects are the temporary alleviation of just such misery.

THE HARVARD-COLUMBIA BOAT-RACE.

It is so seldom that Harvard and Columbia meet in rivalry upon the river Thames that much disappointment was felt over the failure of the New York oarsmen to make a good race in their recent essay. In 1881 Columbia suffered defeat at the hands of the Charles River crew, and last year a deplorable accident, in which a popular member of the Columbia crew lost his life, prevented the latter from rowing on the day appointed, and the race went by default to the Harvards. This year the New York students had a good crew, and their friends, if not the principals themselves, were fairly sanguine of victory. The men were apparently in the very "pink" of condition, their practice had been uniformly good, they had become used to their boat and to the water, and the weather, after several days of gusty winds and chopping seas, had settled down into as pleasant racing weather as could be desired. Yet, notwithstanding all these favorable circumstances, the Columbia boat never showed its nose ahead throughout the race, and, barring accidents, the match was virtually decided by the time the half-way post was reached. From that time on it was merely a matter of pride with the Harvards to row their swift, steady stroke out to the end, and they passed the winning-post so far in advance of their opponents that the distance between them was declared to be anywhere from ten to fifteen boats' lengths.

But though so thoroughly outrowed, the Columbia men retained the friendship of their supporters, and won much esteem, even from those who favored the other side, by the good grace with which they accepted defeat. Time has been "within the memory of persons now living," not to be too precise, when unseemly wrangles and undignified excuses have imbittered the feeling that intercollegiate sports should turn into the channel of good-fellowship. It is to the credit of Columbia College that its representatives have had no part in such disputes. They have always taken their reverses in a manly spirit, and this their last and perhaps greatest disappointment was no exception. Being fairly outrowed, they admit the fact, and offer no excuses, ask for no forced sympathy.

But while excuses are not put forward, there must be some explanation of the bad form shown by the defeated crew, since their previous practice would show them to have been a stronger crew than that which followed so far in the wake of the Cambridge men when the day of the race arrived, and the explanation probably is that they were overtrained. The human body, when brought to the highest point of perfection by a long course of severe discipline, is easily affected by what seem to be insignificant causes, but which declare their effect only too plainly when a supreme effort is made. This is often the case with the race-horse, which, as an irresponsible animal, can be more strictly attended to than a man, from whom no such perfect subordination of the whole mind and will to the body can be looked for. So long, therefore, as contests are in vogue in which endurance plays a greater part than mere dexterity or nervous power, training will continue to be one of those elements of luck which are more or less important factors in all manly games and sports.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECTOR TALKS IN HIS SLEEP.

When I went down-stairs I found the General in the gun-room, sorting cartridges and whistling cheerfully, and he said, "Look here, Charley; I think you'd better not bother your uncle any more about that business just now. Time enough when she comes, you know. Suppose we try and forget all about it for the present, and enjoy our liberty while it lasts, eh?"

I hastened to express my cordial concurrence in this sensible view, and my uncle was evidently relieved when he found that the allied forces did not intend to renew the attack during breakfast-time. It was his liberty a great deal more than ours that was threatened, and he might have been quite as anxious as we were to make the most of the precious days which still remained to him.

The General, good man, had a weakness—a very harmless and amiable weakness, yet one which had, I believe, involved him in a good many difficulties at odd times. All his life long he had been a martyr to feminine charms and wiles—the mere sight of a pretty face was sufficient to convert him into a poor, helpless creature, and the pleading of pretty lips was what he had never yet been able to withstand. Now the very first day that he saw Maud Dennison he became, so to speak, her slave. I am bound to say that I think she took some pains to captivate him; but probably it would have been very much the same thing if she had not, Nature having gifted her with claims upon his obedience which rendered all efforts superfluous. And so, when this susceptible old gentleman began, in the innocence of his heart, to try and enlist Maud's sympathies upon our side in the matter of Mrs. Farquhar, and when, instead of being convinced, she declared herself openly against us, what could he do but hesitate, temporize, and finally go over, bag and baggage, to the enemy?

What had this unfortunate Mrs. Farquhar done, Maud wanted to know, that her son was to be urged to refuse her shelter? Nothing? Then was it really because Mr. Le Marchant and Charley were afraid of their free and easy bachelor habits being interfered with that the poor widow was to be driven away from Thirlby, and forced to make a new home for herself in her old age?

"My dear young lady," the General would reply to these and other similar queries, "life is a much more complicated business than you suppose. You want to settle everything by the hard and fast rule of the Fifth Commandment; but that's impossible. The fact of the matter is that my brother Bernard and my mother don't get on together, and never will. You may say that they ought to try; but what is the good of their trying when they must both know perfectly well beforehand that they won't succeed? Either it would end in a quarrel, or one of them would have to give way. And unfortunately it is only too certain which that one would be."

"And would that be such a very terrible thing?" Maud would rejoin. Of course it was not for her to set up her opinion against General Le Marchant's; but she could not help thinking that life was only a complicated business because people chose to make it so, and that if they would simply do what was right, without troubling themselves about consequences, things would not only go more smoothly, but they themselves would be far happier.

It was all very well for the General to shake his head and laugh, and say that Miss Maud would not be so positive when she was twenty years older; that did not make Miss Maud one whit less positive for the time being; nor did it save him from being signally worsted at each fresh encounter. I used to listen to their discussions with some amusement, feeling pretty sure that the course of events would not be greatly affected by them, one way or the other, and rather enjoying the spectacle of the General's discomfiture; but, as I said before, I really was not prepared to see him desert his colors altogether, and it took my breath away when he announced to me in the course of a private interview that he believed he had been a little too hasty in what he had said about his mother, and that he was now disposed to think that it might be well to give the thing a trial.

I observed that my uncle was apparently not the only man who was liable to be talked over.

"'Talked over' is hardly the way to put it," the General said. "The *subject* had been talked over, certainly, between me and your friend Miss Maud, and I don't mind confessing that I have got a few fresh ideas from her. That girl has an old head on young shoulders, Charley."

"And a very pretty head," I added, for I was determined not to spare the traitor.

"That," answered the General, sharply, "has nothing to do with it. I am the last man in the world to be influenced by a woman's looks. I haven't changed my opinion at all."

"I understood you to say that you had," I remarked.

"Then, my good fellow, you misunderstood me, that's all. What I do say is that women are better judges in cases of this kind than we are, and that it's quite on the cards that Miss Maud may be right and that I may be wrong. Let us give the thing a trial; let us stand by and allow Bernard and my mother to have fair play. Fools rush in, you know, where angels fear to tread."

"It seems to me," I said, "that in the present instance the angel has rushed in, and that it is we poor fools who are in a fright. What has become of your firmness, General? I believe if Maud were to tell you to go to Scotland to-morrow and bring Mrs. Farquhar back with you, you'd do it."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"Oh, come, don't *you* talk!" retorted the General. "If she told you to stand on your head on the top of the church steeple, you'd do it. Do you think I don't know that she has got you well under her thumb? Why, you never take your eyes off her! And you're a young fellow, mind you, whereas I'm an old man."

I did not see that his case was much improved by this undeniable fact; but his allusion had the effect of putting me to silence. I had not yet reached that period of life at which a young man in love delights to parade his infatuation; I was very much afraid of being chaffed, and I had no desire that the state of my feelings should be known to any one, except George Warren and Maud herself. I told George subsequently of the General's defection, and its cause, and he said he didn't wonder at it.

"Well," I returned, not quite pleased, "I must say I do rather wonder at it. I shouldn't have thought that an old fellow like the General would have allowed himself to be overpersuaded by a girl who might almost be his granddaughter. And Maud is quite wrong, you know."

"Can she be wrong?" asked George.

"Why, yes," I said, "I presume she can, seeing that she is mortal. I'm not sure that I care much for people who never make mistakes. It is quite natural that Maud should have made a mistake in this case; but I'll be hanged if it's natural in a man of the General's age to let her lead him by the nose. Between you and me, I sha'n't be very sorry when the General goes back to his military duties."

The truth was that I was slightly irritated against my good friend the General at this time, for reasons quite unconnected with his deplorable change of front. I did not, of course, object to the sort of fatherly admiration with which he regarded Maud; but I did object a good deal to his calm way of taking it for granted that whenever I arranged to meet her and George anywhere he too was to be of the party. It seemed to show a little want of discrimination. He might have come, and welcome, if, when we were riding, he would sometimes have cantered on ahead, or if, when we were afloat, he would have gone away and fished with George (who, to be sure, never caught anything), but he did not hesitate to say plainly that he preferred talking to Miss Maud to attempting to catch pike in bright sunshine; and she, for her part, encouraged him in his laziness, sometimes even sending me off with a rod and a ridiculous-looking fly to try my luck—which I did with a very bad grace.

All this was not as it should have been, and it was sad to think that the summer was fast slipping away, and that when September came my duty to the partridges would leave me but little leisure for philandering. Nevertheless, those were happy days. People may say what they please about the climate of England, but no amount of statistics and weather tables will ever convince me that it has not changed greatly for the worse; and what proves this is that we all sailed out to the Cockle Light one afternoon toward the end of August in a northeasterly breeze, and enjoyed it. Will any candid person assert that the North Sea under the above conditions is pleasant sailing ground nowadays? I tried it myself only the other day, and upon my word and honor my teeth chattered to that extent that I could hardly get out an intelligible word. But on that August afternoon two-and-thirty years ago the sky was not gray nor the wind cold; neither had any symptoms of the rheumatism wherewith my bones are vexed in the present year of grace as yet made themselves felt. Inland it was as hot as it had been at all during the summer, and the reapers, who had been hard at work since early morning, were complaining of the scorching sun; but at sea we had the perfection of sailing weather, with sunshine tempered by a transparent veil of haze, and a refreshing breeze just strong enough to tip the waves with white here and there, and to send the *Sarah Jane* swiftly and steadily upon her way.

Our party was somewhat more numerous than usual, the occasion being one of importance. Bunce's two eldest sons, James and William, who had both taken to a sea-faring life, and, after many voyages and quite an Odyssey of adventures, had chanced to return to the paternal roof within a few days of one another, had agreed, by their father's advice, to go into partnership upon the strength of their savings, and to enjoy the sweets of independence and liberty, the upshot of which decision had been the purchase of the good smack *Sarah Jane*, together with the rigging, sails, nets, and other tackle appertaining thereto. So at least I was given to understand at the time, but with my present increased knowledge of such matters I incline to doubt whether the capital of the firm of Bunce Brothers could have reached a quarter of the amount required for so costly an investment, and it seems likely that if the accounts of the late Bernard Le Marchant, Esq., could be produced, the price of the *Sarah Jane* smack would be found accurately stated therein. However that may be, the Bunces, one and all, had expressed a strong wish that the Squire should personally test the sea-going qualities of their new craft, and as the Squire (whose own sea-going qualities were very shaky) had unequivocably declined to do anything of the sort, a proposal had been substituted that we should all take advantage of the first favorable day to give Miss Dennison a few hours' sail in what Bunce senior called "smewth watter."

George Warren, as a matter of course, accompanied us, and at the last moment the Rector, whom we met on our way down to the beach, was collared and added to the party, asseverating, as usual, that he was in a desperate hurry, and that he couldn't and wouldn't come, in the midst of which protestations he was unceremoniously lifted off his legs by that young giant William Bunce, who trotted through the water with him, and deposited him in the boat like a baby. Bunce the elder looked on with a grin of approval while this high-handed proceeding was being carried out.

"My son Willum is a well-growed 'un, Squire," he remarked. "He ain't got his father's brains, but I'll allow that I never had his strength o' limb. Why, he makes no more o' fourteen stun—and Rector's all that, if he's a ounce—nor I should o' liftin' Miss Maud here. I'll carry you myself, miss," he added, re-assuringly. "Don't you be afeared."

A timid suggestion on my part that I should undertake this share of the labors of embarkation was scouted with contempt, and a few minutes later we were standing out to sea, the little knot of fisher-folk who had assembled on the beach to see us start giving us and the *Sarah Jane* a parting cheer.

"This is really very jolly," said the General. "Isn't it an odd thing that, during all the years I spent at Thirlby as a boy, I should never have thought of going in for sea-fishing? You never did either, did you, Bernard? I wonder you don't keep a boat of your own lying off here—not a regular yacht, of course, but something of this kind, that could be hauled up on the beach in bad weather. You might get a lot of fun out of her. Why don't you?"

"Firstly," replied my uncle, "because she would infallibly go ashore in the first gale, and be broken up into little pieces; secondly, because I shouldn't use her more than about three times in the course of the year; and thirdly, because upon those three occasions I should be more or less grievously seasick."

"Not you!" returned the Rector, who had now resigned himself to accomplished facts, and was sniffing the salt breezes with much appreciation. "I believe it would do you all the good in the world to fill your lungs with this fine air every now and then; and as for the boat, you could have her pulled up high and dry, as the General says. It would be a resource for you, Le Marchant, and my view is that a man ought to have as many resources as possible. I take all I can get, I know."

"But then you have so many daily duties," observed my uncle, with his quiet smile.

"Yes, yes; just so—that's where it is," went on the Rector, without any suspicion of irony; "that's the difference between us. It would be a great deal worse for you, with all your leisure, to be deprived of resources than it would for me; and I'm afraid, Le Marchant, that you're beginning to give things up—taking too much to your study and your library. You don't ride as often as you used to do, and you never shoot. It's a mistake, you know, a great mistake—all work and no play—and Charley going out into the world, as he must do soon, and all the neighbors getting old people, old friends dead and gone, and no new ones, don't you see."

The Rector had thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose coat, and was shaking his head and frowning at his feet, which were stuck out straight before him. His tongue could never quite keep pace with his thoughts, so that his sentences, even in the pulpit, would often die away, as this one did, into unintelligible mutterings. After which he would come to himself with a start, feel about him for the lost thread of his ideas, and grasp it—or possibly some other stray thread—triumphantly.

"By-the-bye, though, you will have Mrs. Farquhar with you perhaps," he said.

"Perhaps," answered my uncle.

The Rector, with a prolonged "H—m—m—m!" drew his hand several times across his mouth and chin, gazing thoughtfully the while at his old friend.

The significance of that inarticulate murmur was obvious; and Bunce, who had pricked up his ears at the sound of Mrs. Farquhar's name, grinned sardonically. There was a moment of rather awkward silence, but the General precipitately threw himself into the breach with a change of subject.

"I suppose there'll be water enough for us to get alongside of the Cockle Light, won't there, Bunce? Pity we didn't think of bringing some newspapers for the poor fellows on board."

My uncle, however, had thought of this—as, indeed, he was always thinking of other people—and he held up a large bundle of papers and magazines. "I have got some fresh butter and eggs for them too," he said, "which I hope they will not despise. I should have liked to bring them a bottle or two of whiskey, but Bunce seemed to think that would exercise a demoralizing influence."

Meanwhile the *Sarah Jane* had been stealing rapidly along on her southward course before the wind. Thirlby was far astern in the blue distance, and on the lee bow Winterton church tower rose, tall and imposing, above the sand-hills and the growth of silvery coarse grass which crowned them. It is an ugly coast-line, say most people, that long, straight succession of low sand-cliffs and dunes, deeply indented at intervals with gaps scooped out by the sea at spring-tides; and yet, with its soft grays, its pale yellows, and neutral tints, its weather-worn church towers here and there, its flying shadows and flocks of screaming gulls high overhead in the misty air, this low-lying sea-board has a melancholy beauty of its own, which, if one were an artist or a poet, one might possibly contrive to interpret. Being neither the one nor the other, I will content myself with saying that earth, sea, and sky were alike beautiful to me on that especial afternoon; and, indeed, everybody must be aware that there are certain combinations of age, company, and circumstance which are capable of causing the desert itself to blossom like the rose.

The wind fell light when we were off Winterton Sands, and, with the tide setting us up, we made but little way. The two owners of the boat had modestly retired to the extreme end of the bows, where they had perched themselves sideways upon the gunwale, with their backs turned toward us, like a gigantic figure-head of Castor and Pollux. The General and George Warren had moved up near them, and were smoking silently and gazing out to sea. My uncle was deep in a small brown volume which he had produced from his pocket. Maud and I were seated in the stern beside Bunce, who, with characteristic self-assertion, had taken possession of the tiller; and amidships the Rector, his head sunk upon his breast, was slumbering peacefully. None of us had spoken a word for a long time. Suddenly the Rector startled us all by waking up and saying, in a clear and solemn voice, to my uncle, "Be sure your sin will find you out!"

My uncle dropped his book and stared; I began to laugh; and the General, turning his head, called out, "Hullo, Mr. Dennison, you've been having a nap."

"Not at all," returned the Rector, looking a good deal confused and annoyed; "nothing of the sort! I was just thinking over my sermon for Sunday, and I believe I forgot where I was for the moment. Maud, my dear, will you remember to look out No. 29 for me when we get home? I think I will give them 29 in the afternoon. They had it on Sexagesima; but you can't drive a nail home with one blow, and their skulls are very thick, poor things! Besides, if I am to be carried off to sea, without with your leave or by your leave, I must not be expected to find time for writing two brand-new sermons in the week."

"I don't remember to have heard you preach upon that text, though," observed my uncle.

"How should you, when you never come to afternoon church? Not that I mentioned my text; I was amplifying an incidental issue. At least, I may have been doing so; I don't quite remember," said the Rector, feeling, perhaps, that he was plunging into a slough of prevarication from which it might be well to extricate himself. "Bless me! Five o'clock already!" he exclaimed, consulting his watch. "Where is this ridiculous light-ship? What! Over there on the horizon, Bunce? You can't be serious! Le Marchant, we really ought to be getting about."

"Time enough, sir, time enough," said Bunce. "We shall have the breeze again presently, sha'n't us, Jim?"

Castor and Pollux wheeled round simultaneously, scrutinized the sky, and growled out something in a deep bass about "working to the east'ard," and "plenty of it afore night," which, it must be presumed, was satisfactory; for Bunce rejoined, triumphantly: "Telled 'ee so, sir! 'Tain't often as you'll find me wrong about the weather, though I say it, as shouldn't."

And, sure enough, the wind freshened considerably within the next few minutes, so that it took us barely half an hour to dispose of the five miles of water which still separated us from the light-ship. There had been some talk of our going on board of her; but when we lay to, on reaching our destination, there was found to be such an uncomfortable swell running that William was deputed to take off the newspapers and provisions in the dingey, none of us proposing to accompany him except Maud, who, perhaps, wished to take this opportunity of delivering a brief temperance lecture, but who was ordered peremptorily to sit still by her father.

Presently, Bunce, who had been holding a whispered conference with his sons, bent forward to confide to me that he was uneasy in his mind. "*I* can work her back, sir; no fear for that," he said; "but the sea is a-gettin' up, do you see, sir; and if you ask me about puttin' of you ashore—why, I don't hardly know what to say."

"Surely we can manage to get ashore somewhere," I said.

"No doubt o' that, Mr. Chawls. Question is—where?"

"Bunce," struck in my uncle, "do you honestly think that there is the slightest chance of our being able to land anywhere within five miles of Thirlby?"

"Can't just exactly say as I do, sir—not for sartain."

"Then, in Heaven's name, get about, and run for Yarmouth. Don't let us go on thrashing in this horrible way a minute longer than is necessary."

"As *you* please, Squire," replied Bunce, with evident relief. "Ready about, Willum! Slack out yer main-sheet!—There, sir, you feel a deal comfortabler now."

This last encouraging assurance was addressed to the Rector, who was looking rather yellow, but who immediately rejoined that he had been perfectly comfortable before, and that he did hope he was not going to be accused of having been seasick.

"Nobody could look at your face and bring forward such a palpably absurd charge," said my uncle. "For my own part, I am convinced that you are as well as I am myself."

At this the General chuckled, and said he would tell us a capital story about the Duke of Wellington and a Dutch skipper. In point of fact, I believe we were none of us sorry to be scudding before the wind again, and I know one member of the party to whom the prospect of a dinner at Yarmouth and a long fifteen-mile drive home was an unmixed delight.

Alas! I was reckoning without my host. We did indeed reach Yarmouth without misadventure of any kind, and the dinner to which we sat down at the Royal Hotel was a very cheery repast, if it was not particularly famous in point of cooking; but the remainder of the programme was executed in a way which was not my way, and which was the more mortifying for having been quite unanticipated by me. Having settled it in my own mind that I was to drive Maud home in a dog-cart, while the other four were to be accommodated in a two-horse fly, I had thoughtfully ordered these vehicles before sitting down to dinner; and I am sure that the sympathies of all generous-minded readers will be with me when I say that not only did Miss Dennison refuse point-blank to accompany me, alleging that she hated dog-carts (which was not true), but that she and others further objected to any arrangement involving the packing of four persons into a close fly. Nor was this all, for after the rejected dog-cart had been taken back to the stables, and a second fly produced, Maud—whether to punish me for my presumption, or out of sheer perversity, I can not say—stepped briskly into the first, followed by the General, and just as I was preparing to do likewise, struck me dumb by saying: "Mr. Warren is coming with us. Get in, George."

George, with that stupid habit of his of always doing what he was told to do, promptly obeyed, and away they went, leaving me to seek the society of my uncle and the Rector with as good a grace as I could assume.

To tell the truth, I did not accept the situation with a good grace at all. I was not accustomed to being snubbed, and I didn't like it. Luckily for me, it was now pitch-dark, so that my sulky face was not visible; and, as soon as we had started, I sank back into a corner, and pretended to go to sleep, feeling that speech was beyond my powers.

Neither of my companions appeared to notice that there was anything wrong with me, and no doubt they imagined my slumber to be genuine. We had driven some distance in the darkness before my uncle remarked, quietly, as though resuming an interrupted conversation:

"When you speak of my sin finding me out, you mean, I suppose, to imply that my mother is the instrument of Nemesis. Isn't that a little hard upon her?"

"Now, now, now," expostulated the Rector, "why go back upon things in that way? It is most unfair to hold a man accountable for what he says in his sleep. Why, only the other day I was sitting by the bedside of a poor old woman, and I had read her nicely off to sleep with the first lesson for the day—the twenty-fifth of Jeremiah, I think it was—and I was waiting there till her daughter came back from the baker's, when she woke up all of a sudden and said, 'The devil fly away with them long-winded parsons!' Now do you suppose that I should have the shabbiness to bring up a thing of that kind against her afterward? I declare to goodness—"

"But I thought you denied that you had been asleep," interrupted my uncle.

"Well, well, what if I did? Everybody denies having been asleep in daylight; it's a natural impulse. I've heard you do it yourself scores of times."

"I think not," said my uncle.

"Le Marchant," said the Rector, testily, "you are contradictious and argumentative. That's just where it is, you see. If you and Mrs. Farquhar are to be splitting hairs from morning to night, your life won't be worth having."

"Perhaps we shall not behave in that way," said my uncle. "It seems, however, that it *was* of my mother that you were thinking when you startled me by hurling that solemn warning at my head. Well, you are not alone in the view that you take of the matter. I confess that I am a little surprised; I did not expect you all to feel so strongly. Still, you may be wrong. Admitting that I am contradictious and argumentative, as you say, I may not be too old to turn over a new leaf."

"My dear old friend," exclaimed the Rector, "you are neither the one nor the other; you know that very well. It is she who—"

"You must be going upon hearsay evidence, Dennison. I don't think you have met her more than once or twice in your life, and the last time must have been something like twenty years ago."

"I know what I am talking about, for all that," declared the Rector. And after a pause of a few seconds he continued, in a somewhat changed voice: "See here, Le Marchant, you will allow an old friend to take a liberty just for once—can't you reconsider matters? Can't you let the dead past bury its dead, and start afresh?"

"No," said my uncle, quietly.

"Ah," sighed the Rector, "I am sorry to hear you say so. I don't understand you, Le Marchant. Of all the men I have ever met, you are the least opinionated. You call yourself a Tory, and you take a positive pleasure in reading the Radical papers; you are, I hope, a good Churchman, and you would attend a Dissenting meeting without a moment's hesitation; you never make up your mind to do anything without hearing all that can be urged against it, even by ignorant and incompetent people. And yet—"

"And yet, when once I have made up my mind, I don't easily change it. Does that strike you as inconsistent?"

"I think it is strange," answered the Rector; "I think it is a thousand pities that—that, in short, you can not forget as well as forgive. I do you the justice to feel sure that you forgave long ago, but there is a material as well as a moral kind of forgiveness."

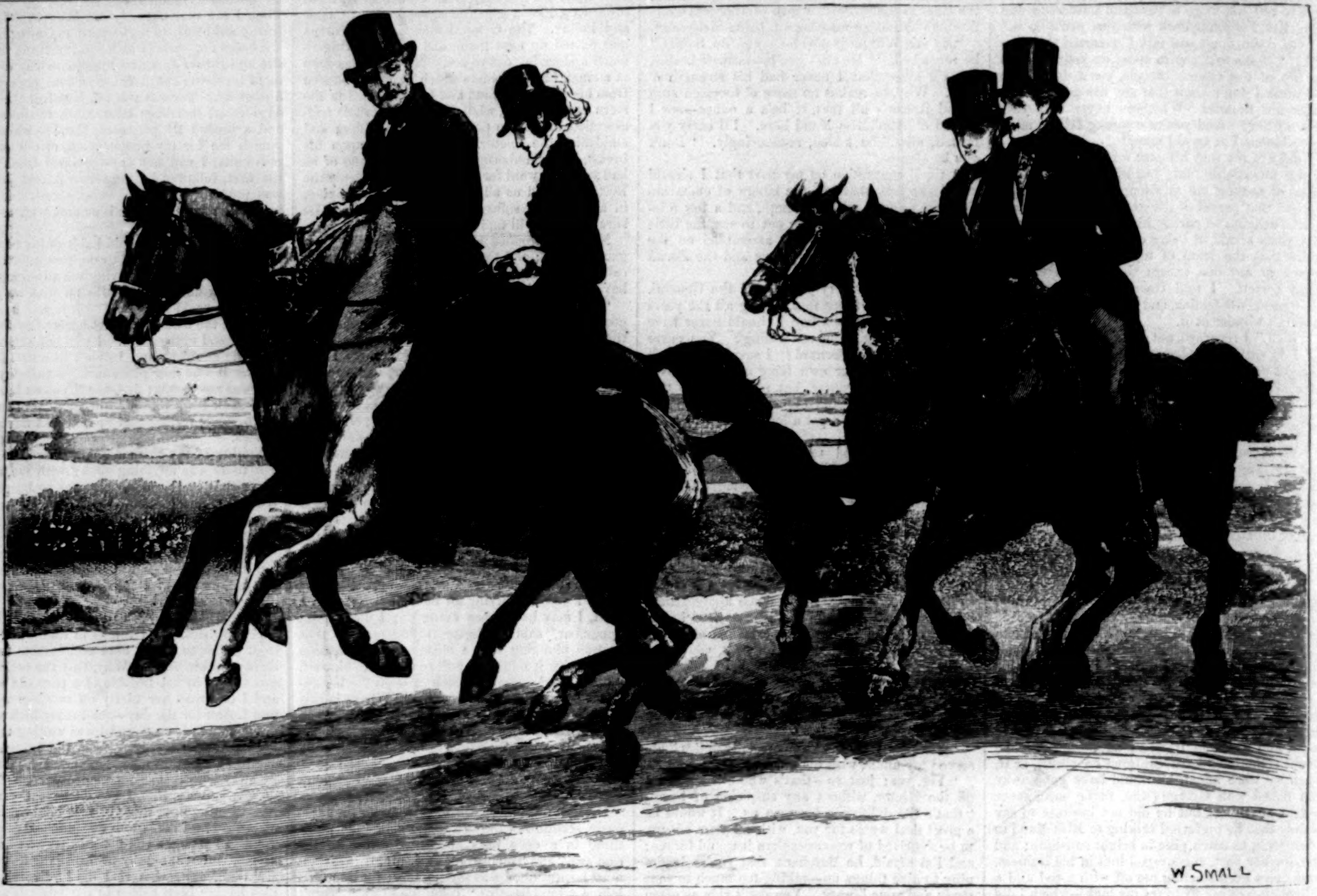
"And there are moral as well as material impossibilities. I would rather say no more about it, Dennison, if you please."

"Ah, well! I fear it is a bad lookout," said the Rector. "Of course Mrs. Farquhar must be against you in this; and equally of course she will tell you so—in season and out of season."

My uncle laughed a little. "You know my mother better than I do if you can be so certain as to what she will say or do under any given circumstances."

"I take her to be a human being like other human beings," said the Rector.

"Tom would tell you that that only shows how little you know about her. I am glad, however, to find that you are less prejudiced against her than I had supposed. I have not yet made up my mind that she shall live at Thirlby. As you say, I like to hear all the pros and cons before I



"HE MIGHT HAVE COME, AND WELCOME, IF, WHEN WE WERE RIDING, HE WOULD SOMETIMES HAVE CANTERED ON AHEAD."

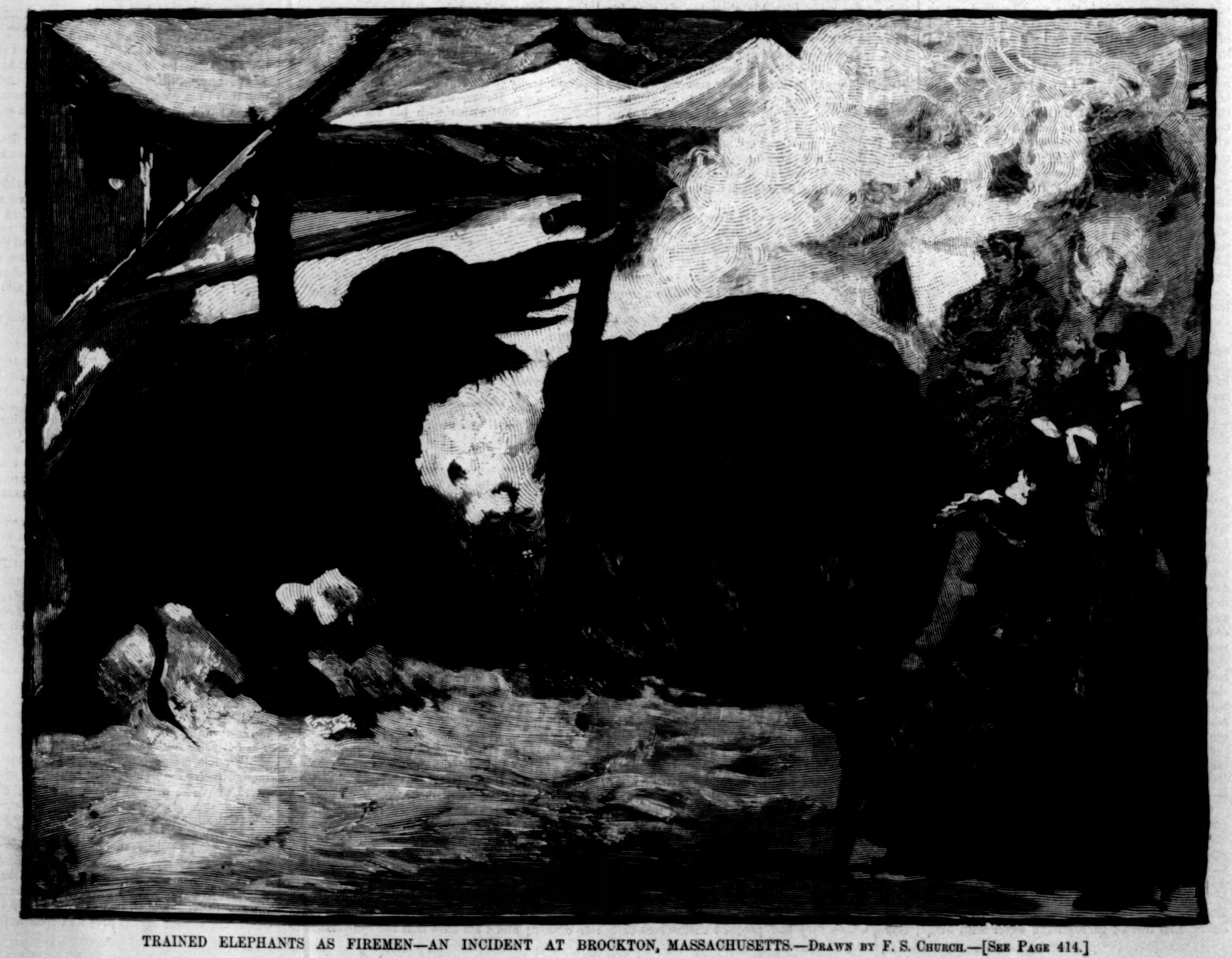
come to a decision, and I have taken note of the fact that both Tom and Charley are strongly opposed to her coming. Nevertheless, I think the end of it will be that she will come, and I want you, if she does, to be civil and kind to her."

"Am I uncivil and unkind as a rule?" the Rector asked.

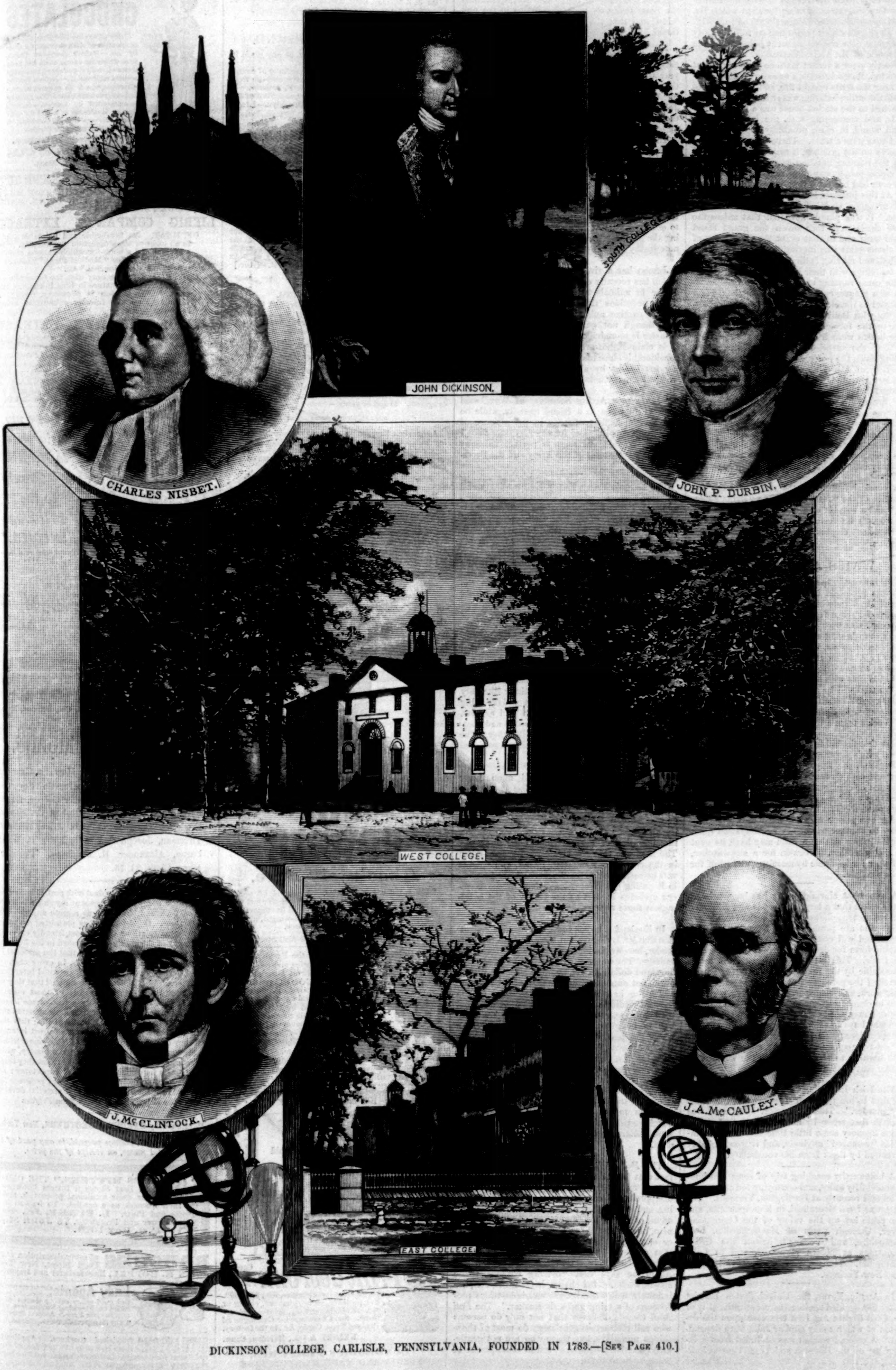
"I don't say so; but my hope is that you will be specially the reverse in this instance. Do what we will, there must be rubs, and I don't think they will be the more easily smoothed over if everybody is determined to take my side. Let us at least have a fair start; and perhaps it would be only fair also to remember that, if my mother leaves Scotland, she will do so against her personal inclinations."

The Rector was about to make some rejoinder, but at this moment the fly stopped at a turnpike gate, and, the pike man coming out with a lantern to get his money, I took that opportunity of becoming evidently awake. I had already made a compromise with my conscience by shuffling my feet and coughing gently once or twice, but these signals had passed unnoticed, and it was only now that the Rector remarked, innocently, "Bless me, Charley! I had forgotten you were here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TRAINED ELEPHANTS AS FIREMEN—AN INCIDENT AT BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 414.]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ELEPHANTS AS FIREMEN.

We copy from the Boston *Herald* the following interesting account of an incident which Mr. Church has illustrated in the sketch on page 412. The elephants which performed so well the duty of firemen at a critical moment belonged to the menagerie of Mr. Adam Forepaugh.

Shortly after a recent matinée performance at Brockton, Massachusetts, a one-story frame building near the tents caught fire, and in "a few moments the entire building was enveloped in flames. Attached to the station-house was a row of horse sheds, and connecting with the latter was the grand stand, in close proximity to which were Mr. Forepaugh's tents. There being no fire appliances on the grounds, it may well be assumed that the burning building gave serious alarm to the circus people, as well as to the citizens, many of whom had not yet left the grounds.

"At this juncture Mr. Forepaugh and his general manager, C. W. Fuller, appeared on the scene. It was plainly apparent that unless the horse sheds were torn down the grand stand would burn, and in that event the destruction of the circus tents was inevitable. While all were excited, and making futile attempts to pull down the buildings with their hands, Adam Forepaugh junior came running up, and, taking in the situation at a glance, called his colored assistant and hastened to the elephant quarters, soon after appearing with Bolivar and Basil, the latter being next to the former in point of size. The two huge beasts were hurried over to the fire, and, much to the surprise of the spectators, began pulling down the horse sheds in obedience to the direction of the junior Forepaugh. The bystanders removed the débris as fast as it accumulated under the mighty blows of the elephantine firemen, who seemingly looked upon the affair as a matter of little moment. In an incredibly short space of time the horse sheds were demolished, the grand stand was saved, and the circus tents loomed up as proudly as ever. It is proposed to make Messrs. Bolivar and Basil honorary members of the Brockton Fire Department."

A comical feature of the scene was the appearance of the "fat woman," the "living skeleton," and a wee bit of a dwarf in a group, all of them deeply interested in watching the efforts of the sagacious elephants to demolish the sheds.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

New interest in the speed of gentlemen's teams has been produced by the unmatched performance of Mr. Vanderbilt's Maud S. and Aldine on Fleetwood Park a few days since. Last season the record was brought down from the 'twenties to less than 'seventeen, and this season's rivalry has opened with Mr. Vanderbilt sending his team a mile in 2.15½ on the first trial. If Mr. Work attempts to equal this performance, and regain the lost laurels with his Edward and Dick Swiveller, the trial will be attended with extraordinary interest. A Western trainer of horses has offered to wager ten thousand dollars that he can drive Mr. Work's team a mile in 2.10 or less.

Now that the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister seems about to become a law in England, the English people have taken up anew and with unwonted zest the fascinating employment of enumerating the complexities of relationship which may ensue. They have thus far overlooked the fact that under the proposed regulation one person may become doubly a mother-in-law to another person—a consideration quite as momentous as that a child may have its aunt for a step-mother, its cousin for a step-brother, its father for its uncle by marriage, and itself for its own cousin.

A somewhat alarming story has been printed to the effect that a large dry-goods and millinery firm has secured photographs of several handsome ladies who are prominent in New York social circles, and will reproduce them in cheap lithographic form for decorating paper boxes used in the trade. This stroke of enterprise is made practicable by the fact that photographers have exercised the privilege of retaining specimens of their work, and have parted with them now and then to chance customers at rather high figures. The day may not be far distant when the young man who buys an after-luncheon cigar down-town will occasionally find a portrait of his "intended" on the paper band thereof, and thus will be able literally to see her face in the wreaths of smoke that arise during his siesta.

The Irish Invincibles are credited with being the first to use the word "remove" in the sense of "murder." This is an error. The word was used in that sense by an American assassin of hated memory some little time before the Invincibles "removed" anybody, and it was probably borrowed by them from his vocabulary.

A noteworthy coaching trip of some two hundred and fifty miles, and occupying ten days, came to an end recently at Burlington, Vermont. The start was from Greenfield, in Massachusetts, and the route lay up the valley of the Connecticut River, through parts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, across the Green Mountains at Mount Mansfield, and to Lake Champlain. The party included several prominent New-Yorkers.

In Austin, Texas, the United States District Court has decided against the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Act in a test case upon the decision of which many similar suits were dependent. A colored woman was excluded from a ladies' car on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and suit was brought in her behalf under the Civil Rights Act to enforce the penalty of $500. The Court held that the act is an infringement on the rights of the several States, that only the State tribunals have jurisdiction in the premises, and that the act is therefore unconstitutional.

It is expected that there will be a remarkable gathering of scientific men in Philadelphia next year at the meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science. Huxley, Tyndall, Sir William Thompson, Richard A. Proctor, Sir John Lubbock, and Lord Rayleigh are among those who will probably attend.

The New York *Herald* has information from Newport that a lady of this city, who is now in Europe and will not return till fall, has sent all her servants to her Newport cottage, in order that they may have their summer vacation by the sea. There are ladies who are not so thoughtful with respect to the pleasure of their servants, and there are servants who could hardly be trusted to occupy a villa at Newport by themselves during the gay season. Indeed, the circumstance is noteworthy from two points of view.

Jumbo has a rival in a very large elephant which has recently come into the possession of a dealer in animals at Liverpool. The London *Times* mentions this creature as perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, and says that though not quite so high as Jumbo, the monster is more bulky, weighing nearly five tons. It is claimed, however, that Jumbo has grown considerably since his arrival in America, increasing his height by about eight inches, and his weight by many hundred pounds.

"I am now Acting Secretary of War," said General Sherman to a friend recently, while he was serving in that capacity in the absence of Secretary Lincoln, "and for the first time since I came to Washington there is perfect harmony between the General of the Army and the Secretary of War."

The Marquis Tseng, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Chinese government at Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, is credited with one of the best witticisms produced in the course of the coronation fêtes at Moscow. Seeing the Czar wipe the perspiration from his face while waiting for the coronation to be concluded, the Chinese diplomate whispered to the dignitary nearest him, "Why don't they punish the Nihilists by making them go through the ceremony of coronation every day?" It should be remembered, however, that the occasion was not conducive to a copious and general flow of wit.

The Luray Caverns, in Virginia, are lighted with electric lamps. The other day, while a large party was visiting the caves, lightning struck one of the wires outside, darted over the entire line beneath the ground, looking like fiery serpents, shivered the glass globes, and made big balls of fire, which exploded with loud reports. A lightning bolt leaped from the wires and shattered the stalactites in the Bridal Chamber. The destruction of the lamps left the astonished party in total darkness.

The cyclone which descended upon Long Island a few days ago, made havoc in two villages, whirled a minaret from the splendid new cathedral at Garden City, and wrecked houses and outbuildings in considerable numbers—doing all this in a dozen seconds or so—was a pretty fair imitation of the genuine Western article. The next one that comes along may drop down in the centre of Manhattan Island, and then it will be seen whether Eastern critics are justified in imputing the great damage done by the Western cyclones in part to the frailty of the buildings in those regions.

In England it seems to be the popular impression that Mr. Irving Bishop, the American thought-reader, has Mr. Labouchere somewhat at a disadvantage. The editor of *Truth* offered to wager five thousand dollars to five hundred that Mr. Bishop could not announce the number of a bank-note which he had not seen, by resorting to the thought-reading method. Mr. Bishop accepted the challenge, and the charity to which the stake was to be given was named. On the evening when the test was to be made in St. James's Hall Mr. Labouchere's representative did not appear, but Mr. Bishop went through with the test, apparently to the satisfaction of the large audience, under the conditions imposed. On the strength of his having told the number of the concealed bank-note on the first trial, he refuses to listen to the renewed challenge of Mr. Labouchere till the latter shall have paid five thousand dollars to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to the fact that Lord Chesterfield, in telling what a gentleman might or might not do, wrote down his disapproval of coaching, horse-racing, fox-chasing, and some of the field games in terms that admit of no doubt as to his meaning. A gentleman, he wrote, will not be seen playing foot-ball or cricket, or driving a coach, "for he knows that such an imitation of the manners of the mob will indelibly stamp him with vulgarity." Again he says that "driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker." The *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that not only do persons who call themselves gentlemen do most of those things nowadays, but those who are not gentlemen consider themselves such in consequence of doing some of them.

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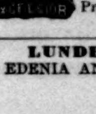

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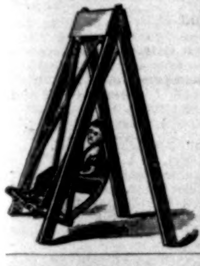

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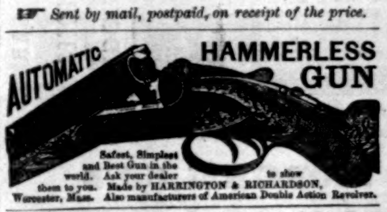

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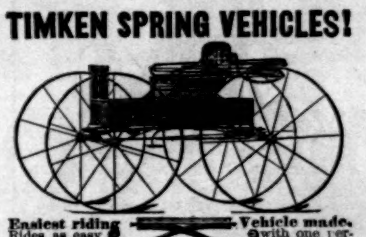

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